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THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE:

OR

The honeſt Man's Reuenge.

As in diuers places it hath often beene Acted.

WRITTEN

By *Cyril Tourneur.*

AT LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Stepneth*, and *Richard Redmer*, and are to be ſold at their Shops at the Weſt end of Paules.
1612.

The names and qualities of the Actors.

Montferrers, a Baron.
Belforeſt, a Baron.
D'amville, brother to *Montferrers*.
Leuidulcia, Lady to *Belforeſt*.
Caſtabella, Daughter to *Belforeſt*.
Charlemont, ſonne to *Montferrers*.
Rouſard, elder Sonne to *D'amville*.
Sebaſtian, younger Sonne to *D'amville*.
Languebeau Snuffe, a Puritane; Chaplaine to *Belforeſt*.
Borachio, *D'amvilles* inſtrument.
Cataplaſma, a maker of Periwigges and Attires.
Soquette, a ſeeming Gentlewoman to *Cataplaſma*.
Freſco, Seruant to *Cataplaſma*.
Other ſeruants.
Serieant in warre.
Souldiers.
Watchmen.
Officers.

Iudges.

THE ATHEISTS Tragedie.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter D'amuille, Borachio, *attended.*

D'amuille.



Saw my Nephew *Charlemont*, but now
Part from his Father. Tell him I desire
To speake with him. *Exit* Seruant.
Borachio, thou art read
In Nature and her large Philosophie.
Obseru'st thou not the very selfe same course
Of reuolution both in Man and Beast?

Bor. The same. For birth, growth, state, decay and death:
Onely, a Man's beholding to his Nature
For th'better composition o'the two.

D'am. But where that fauour of his Nature, is
Not full and free, you see a man becomes
A foole, as little-knowing as a beast.

Bor. That showes there's nothing in a Man, aboue
His nature, if there were, consid'ring t'is
His beings excellencie, t'would not yeeld
To Natures weakenesse.

D'am. Then if Death casts vp
Our totall summe of ioy and happinesse,
Let me haue all my peices cast in
Th'abundant fulnesse of delight at once,

And with a sweet insensible increase
Of pleasing surfet melt into my dust.
Bor. That revolution is too short me thinkes.
If this life comprehends our happinesse,
How foolish to desire to dye so soone?
And if our time runnes home vnto the length
Of Nature, how improuident it were
To spend our substance on a minutes pleasure,
And after liue an age in miserie?
D'am. So thou concludst that pleasure onely flowes
Vpon the streame of riches.
Bor. Wealth is Lord
Of all felicitie.
D'am. T'is Oracle.
For what's a man that's honest without wealth?
Bor. Both miserable and contemptible.
D'am. Hee's worse *Borachio.* For if Chastitie
Be an essentiall part of Honestie,
And should be practis'd first vpon our selues;
Which must be graunted; then your honest man
That's poore, is most dishonest, for hee is
Vncharitable to the Man, whom hee
Should most respect. But what doth this touch me,
That seeme to haue enough? Thankes industrie.
T'is true. Had not my Body spredde it selfe
Into posteritie, perhaps I should
Desire no more increase of substance, then
Would hold proportion with mine owne dimentions.
Yet euen in that sufficiencie of state,
A man has reason to prouide and adde.
For what is he hath such a present eye,
And so prepar'd a strength, that can fore-see,
And fortifie his substance and himselfe,
Against those accidents, the least whereof
May robbe him of an ages husbandry?
And for my children, they are as neere to me,
As branches to the tree whereon they grow;

And

And may as numerously be multiplied.
As they increase, so should my prouidence;
For from my substance they receiue the sap,
Whereby they liue and flowrish.
Bor. Sir enough,
I vnderstand the marke whereat you aime.
Enter Charlemont.
D'am. Silence. Ware interruped. *Charlemont!*
Char. Good morrow Vncle.
D'am. Noble *Charlemont*,
Good morrow. Is not this the honour'd day
You purpos'd to set forward to the warre?
Char. My inclination did intend it so.
D'am. And not your resolution?
Char. Yes my Lord;
Had not my Father contradicted it.
D'am. O noble warre! Thou first originall
Of all man's honour. How deiectedly,
The baser Spirit of our present time
Hath cast it selfe below the ancient worth
Of our forefathers! From whose noble deedes
Ignobly we deriue our pedigrees.
Charl. Sir, taxe not me for his vnwillingnesse.
By the command of his authoritie,
My disposition's forc'd against it selfe.
D'am. Nephew, you are the honour of our bloud.
The troope of Gentry, whose inferiour worth
Should second your example, are become
Your Leaders: and the scorne of their discourse,
Turnes smiling backe vpon your backewardnesse.
Charl. You neede not vrge my spirit by disgrace,
T'is free enough. My Father hinders it,
To curbe me, hee denyes me maintenance
To put me in the habite of my ranque.
Vnbinde me from that strong necessitie,
And call me Coward if I stay behind.
D'am. For want of meanes? *Rinaldo!* Where's the gold?

I'de disinherite my posteritie
To purchase honour. T'is an interest
I prize aboue the principall of wealth.
I'm glad I had th'occasion to make knowne
How readily my substance shall vnlocke
It selfe to serue you. Here's a thousand Crownes.

Charl. My worthy vncle, in exchange for this,
I leaue my bond. So I am doubly bound;
By that for the repayment of this gold,
And by this gold to satisfie your loue.

D'am. Sir, t'is a witnesse (onely) of my loue,
And loue doth alwayes satisfie it selfe.
Now to your Father, labour his consent.
My importunitie shall second yours.
Wee will obtaine it.

Charl. If intreatie faile,
The force of reputation shall preuaile. *Exit.*

D'am. Goe call my Sonnes, that they may take their leaues
Of noble *Charlemont*. Now my *Borachio!*

Bor. The substance of our former argument
Was wealth.

D'am. The question how to compasse it.

Bor. Young *Charlemont* is going to the warre.

Dam. O, thou begin'st to take me.

Bor. Marke me then.
Me thinkes, the pregnant wit of Man, might make
The happy absence of this *Charlemont*,
A subiect for commodious prouidence.
He has a wealthy Father, ready e'n
To drop into his graue. And no mans power
When *Charlemont* is gone, can interpose
'Twixt you and him.

D'am. Th'ast apprehended both
My meaning and my loue. Now let thy truth,
For vndertaking and for secresie,
Hold measure with thy amplitude of wit;
And thy reward shall parallell thy worth.

Bor. My resolution has already bound
Mee to your seruice.

D'am. And my heart to thee.

Enter Rousard and Sebastian.

Here are my Sonnes ——————
There's my eternitie. My life in them,
And their succession shall for euer liue.
And in my reason dwels the prouidence,
To adde to life as much of happinesse.
Let all men lose, so I increase my gaine,
I haue no feeling of anothers paine. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Montferrers and Charlemont.

Mont. I prithee let this current of my teares,
Diuert thy inclination from the warre.
For of my children thou are onely left,
To promise a succession to my house.
And all the honour thou canst get by armes,
Will giue but vaine addition to thy name;
Since from thy auncestours thou dost deriue
A dignitie sufficient, and as great
As thou hast substance to maintaine and beare.
I prithee stay at home.

Charl. My noble Father.
The weakest sigh you breath, hath power to turne
My strongest purpose, and your softest teare
To melt my resolution to as soft
Obedience. But my affection to the warre,
Is as heriditary as my bloud,
To eu'ry life of all my ancestry.
Your predecessours were your presidents,
And you are my example. Shall I serue
For nothing but a vaine Parenthesis,
I'th'honour'd story of your Familie?
Or hang but like an emptie Scutcheon,
Betweene the trophee's of my predecessours.
And the rich Armes of my posteritie?
There's not a French-man of good bloud and youth,

But eyther out of ſpirit or example,
Is turn'd a Souldier. Onely *Charlemont*
Muſt be reputed that ſame heartleſſe thing,
That Cowards will be bold to play vpon.

Enter D'amville, Rouſard and Sebaſtian.

D'am. Good morrow my Lord.
Mont. Morrow good brother.
Charl. Good morrow Vncle.
D'am. Morrow kinde Nephew.
What? ha'you waſh'd your eyes wi'teares this morning?
Come: by my ſoule his purpoſe does deſerue
Your free conſent. Your tenderneſſe diſſwades him.
What to the Father of a Gentleman,
Should be more tender then the maintenance
And the increaſe of honour to his houſe?
My Lord; here are my Boyes. I ſhould be proud
That eyther this were able, or that inclin'd
To be my Nephewes braue competitor.
Mont. Your importunities haue ouercome.
Pray God my forc'd graunt proue not ominous.
D'am. We haue obtain'd it.—Ominous? in what?
It cannot be in any thing but death.
And I am of a confident beliefe,
That eu'n the time, place, manner of our deathes,
Doe follow Fate with that neceſſitie,
That makes vs ſure to dye. And in a thing
Ordain'd ſo certainly vnalterable,
What can the vſe of prouidence preuaile?

Belforeſt, Leuidulcia, Caſtabella, attended.

Bel. Morrow my Lord *Monſferrers*, Lord *D'amville*.
Good morrow Gentlemen. Couzen *Charlemont!*
Kindly good morrow. Troth I was afeard
I ſhould ha'come too late, to tell you that
I wiſh your vndertakings a ſucceſſe
That may deſerue the meaſure of their worth.
Char. My Lord; my dutie would not let me goe,
Without receiuing your commandements.

Bel

Bel. Accomplements are more for ornament,
Then vſe. Wee ſhould imploy no time in them,
But what our ſerious buſineſſe will admit.
Mont. Your fauour had by his duty beene preuented,
If we had not with-held him in the way.
D'am. Hee was o'comming to preſent his ſeruice.
But now no more. The Cooke inuites to breakfaſt.
Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip enter. —— Noble Lady.
Manent Charlemont and Caſtabella.
Charl. My noble Miſtreſſe! this accomplement
Is like an elegant and mouing ſpeech,
Compos'd of many ſweete perſwaſiue points,
Which ſecond one onother, with a fluent
Increaſe, and confirmation of their force,
Reſeruing ſtill the beſt vntill the laſt,
To crowne the ſtrong impulſion of the reſt
With a full conqueſt of the hearers ſenſe:
Becauſe th'impreſſion of the laſt we ſpeake
Doth alwayes longeſt and moſt conſtantly
Poſſeſſe the entertainment of remembrance.
So all that now ſalute my taking leaue,
Haue added numerouſly to the loue,
Wherewith I did receiue their courteſie.
But you (deare Miſtreſſe) being the laſt and beſt
That ſpeakes my farewell; like th'imperious cloze
Of a moſt ſweete Oration, wholy haue
Poſſeſs'd my liking, and ſhall euer liue
Within the ſoule of my true memory.
So (Miſtreſſe) with this kiſſe I take my leaue.
Caſta. My worthy Seruant! you miſtake th'intent
Of kiſſing. T'was not meant to ſeparate
A paire of Louers; but to be the ſeale
Of Loue; importing by the ioyning of
Our mutuall and incorporated breathes,
That we ſhould breath but one contracted life.
Or ſtay at home, or let me goe with you.
Charl. My *Caſtabella!* for my ſelfe to ſtay,

Or

Or you to goe, would either taxe my youth
With a dishonourable weakenesse, or
Your louing purpose with immodestie.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe.

And for the satisfaction of your loue,
Heere comes a man whose knowledge I haue made
A witnesse to the contract of our vowes,
Which my returne by marriage shall confirme.

Lang. I salute you both with the spirit of copulation, I am already informed of your matrimoniall purposes, and will be a testimonie to the integritie of your promises.

Casta. O the sad trouble of my fearefull soule!
My faithfull seruant! did you neuer heare,
That when a certaine great man went to th'warre,
The louely face of heau'n was masqu'd with sorrow,
The sighing windes did moue the breast of earth,
The heauie cloudes hung downe their mourning heads,
And wept sad showers the day that hee went hence,
As if that day presag'd some ill successe,
That fatallie should kill his happinesse;
And so it came to passe. Me thinkes my eyes
(Sweet Heau'n forbid) are like those weeping cloudes,
And as their showers presag'd so doe my teares,
Some sad euent will follow my sad feares.

Charl. Fie, superstitious? is it bad to kisse?

Casta. May all my feares hurt me no more then this.

Lang. Fie, fie, fie, these carnall kisses doe stirre vp the Concupiscences of the flesh.

Enter Belforest and Lewidulcia.

Lewid. O! heer's your daughter vnder her seruants lips.

Charl. Madame, there is no cause you should mistrust The kisse I gaue, t'was but a parting one.

Lewid. A lustie bloud! Now by the lip of Loue Were I to choose, your ioyning one for mee.

Bel. Your Father stayes to bring you on the way. Farewell. The great commander of the warre Prosper the course you vndertake. Farewell.

Charl.

Charl. My Lord! I humbly take my leaue, Madame! I kisse your hand. —— And your sweet lip. ——Farewell.

Manent Charlemont and Laugnebeau.

Her power to speake is perish'd in her teares.
Something within me would perswade my stay,
But Reputation will not yeeld vnto't.
Deare Sir, you are the man whose honest trust
My confidence hath chosen for my friend.
I feare my absence will discomfort her.
You haue the power and opportunitie
To moderate her passion. Let her griefe
Receiue that friendship from you; and your Loue
Shall not repent it selfe of courtesie.

Lang. Sir, I want words and protestation to insinuate into your credit; but in plainnesse and truth, I wil qualifie her griefe with the spirit of consolation.

Charl. Sir, I will take your friendship vp at vse.
And feare not that your profit shall be small;
Your interest shall exceede your principall. *Exit Charl.*

Enter D'amville *and* Borachio.

D'am. Mounsieur *Laugnebeau!* Happily encountred. The honestie of your conuersation, makes me request more int'rest in your familiaritie.

Lang. If your Lordship will be pleased to salute me without ceremonie, I shall be willing to exchange my seruice for your fauour; but this worshipping kinde of entertainment, is a superstitious vanitie; in plainnesse and truth I loue it not.

D'am. I embrace your disposition; and desire to giue you as liberall assurance of my loue, as my Lord *Belforest* your deserued fauourer.

Lan. His Lordship is pleased with my plainnesse and truth of conuersation.

D'am. It cannot displease him. In the behauiour of his noble daughter *Cassabella*; a man may read her worth and your instruction.

Lang. That Gentlewoman is most sweetly modest, faire, honest, handsome, wise, well-borne, and rich.

D'am. You haue giuen me her picture in small.

Lang. Shee's like your Dyamond; a temptation in euery mans eye, yet not yeelding to any light impression her selfe.

D'am. The praise is hers; but the comparison your owne.

Giues him the Ring.

Lan. You shall forgiue me that, Sir.

D'am. I will not doe so much at your request as forgiue you it. I will onely giue you it Sir. By ——— You will make mee sweare.

Lan. O! by no meanes. Prophane not your lippes with the foulnesse of that sinne. I will rather take it. To saue your oath, you shall lose your Ring.—— Verily my Lord, my praise came short of her worth. Shee exceedes a Iewell. This is but onely for ornament; Shee both for ornament and vse.

D'am. Yet vnprofitably kept without vse. Shee deserues a worthy Husband, Sir. I haue often wish'd a match betweene my elder Sonne and her. The marriage would ioyne the houses of *Belforest* and *Danville* into a noble alliance.

Lan. And the vnitie of Families is a worke of loue and charitie.

D'am. And that worke an imployment well becomming the goodnesse of your disposition.

Lan. If your Lordship please to impose it vpon mee; I will carry it without any second end, the surest way to satisfie your wish.

D'am. Most ioyfully accepted. —— *Rousard!* Here are Letters to my Lord *Belforest* touching my desire to that purpose.

Enter Rousard *sickely.*

Rousard! I send you a suitor to *Castabella.* To this Gentlemans discretion I commit the managing of your suite His good successe shall be most thankefull to your trust. Follow his instructions, he will be your leader.

Lan. In plainnesse and truth.

Rous. My leader? does your Lordship thinke mee too weake to giue the on-set my selfe.

Lan. I will onely assist your proceedings.

Rous.

Rouf. To say true; so I thinke you had neede, for a sicke man can hardly get a womans good will without help.

Lan. Charlemont! thy gratuitie and my promises were both but words; and both like words shall vanish into ayre. —
For thy poore empty hand I must be mute:
This giues mee feeling of a better suite.

Exeunt Languebeau *and* Rousard.

D'am. Borachio! didst precisely note this man?

Bor. His owne profession would report him pure.

D'am. And seemes to know if any benefit,
Arises of religion after death;
Yet but compare's profession with his life;
They so directly contradict themselues,
As if the end of his instructions were
But to diuert the world from sinne, that hee
More easily might ingrosse it to himselfe.
By that I am confirm'd an Atheist.
Well! *Charlemont* is gone. And here thou seest,
His absence the foundation of my plot.

Bor. Hee is the man whom *Castabella* loues.

D'am. That was the reason I propounded him
Employment fix'd vpon a forraine place,
To draw his inclination out o'th'way.

Bor. T'has left the passage of our practise free.

D'am This *Castabella* is a wealthy heire,
And by her marriage with my elder Sonne;
My house is honour'd, and my state increas'd.
This worke alone deserues my industry:
But if it prosper, thou shalt see my braine
Make this but an induction to a point
So full of profitable policie;
That it would make the soule of honestie
Ambitious to turne villaine.

Bor. I bespeake
Employment in't. I'le be an instrument
To grace performance with dexteritie.

D'am. Thou shalt. No man shall rob thee of the honour.

Goe presently and buy a crimson Scarfe,
Like *Charlemonts*. Prepare thee a disguise,
I'th'habite of a Souldiour, hurt and lame;
And then be ready at the wedding feast,
Where thou shalt haue imployment in a worke
Will please thy disposition.

Bor. As I vow'd;
Your instrument shall make your proiect proud.

D'am. This marriage will bring wealth. If that succeede,
I will increase it though my Brother bleed *Exeunt.*

Enter Castabella *auoiding the importunitie of* Rousard.

Casta. Nay good Sir; in troth if you knew how little it pleases mee, you would forbeare it.

Rous. I will not leaue thee, till th'ast entertain'd mee for thy seruant.

Casta. My seruant? You are sicke you say. You would taxe mee of indiscretion to entertaine one that is not able to doe me seruice.

Rous. The seruice of a Gentlewoman consists most in chamber worke, and sicke men are fittest for the chamber. I pr'ithee giue me a fauour.

Casta. Mee thinkes you haue a very sweet fauour of your owne.

Rous. I lacke but your blacke eye.

Casta. If you goe to buffets among the Boyes, they'l giue you one.

Rous. Nay if you grow bitter, Ile dispraise your blacke eye. The gray eie'd Morning makes the fairest day.

Casta. Now that you dissemble not, I could be willing to giue you a fauour. What fauour would you haue?

Rous. Any toy: any light thing.

Casta. Fie. Will you be so vnciuill to aske a light thing at a Gentlewomans hand?

Rous. Wilt giue mee a bracelet o'thy haire then?

Casta. Doe you want haire Sir?

Rous. No faith Ile want no haire, so long as I can haue it for mony.

Casta

Caſta. What would you doe with my haire then?

Rouſ. Weare it for thy ſake ſweet hart.

Caſta. Doe you thinke I loue to haue my haire worne off?

Rouſ. Come you are ſo witty now, and ſo ſenſible.

Kiſſes her.

Caſta. Tuſh. I would I wanted one o'my ſences now.

Rouſ. Bitter againe? What's that? Smelling?

Caſta No, no, no. Why now y'are ſatisfied I hope. I haue giuen yon a fauour.

Rouſ. What fauour? a kiſſe? I prithee giue mee another.

Caſta. Shew mee that I gaue you then.

Rouſ. How ſhould I ſhew it?

Caſta. You are vnworthie of a fauour if you will not beſtow the keeping of it one minute.

Rouſ. Well in plaine termes, doeſt loue mee? That's the purpoſe of my comming.

Caſta. Loue you? Yes. Very well.

Rouſ. Giue mee thy hand vpon't.

Caſta. Nay, you miſtake mee. If I loue you very well, I mnſt not loue you now. For now your are not very well, y'are ſicke.

Rouſ. This Equiuocation is for the ieſt now.

Caſta. I ſpeak't as t'is now in faſhion, in earneſt. But I ſhall not be in quiet for you I perceiue, till I haue giuen you a fauour. Doe you loue mee?

Rouſ. With all my hart.

Caſta. Then with all my hart, Ile giue you a Iewell to hang in your eare.——— Harke yee——— I can neuer loue you.

Exit.

Rouſ. Call you this a Iewell to hang in mine eare? T'is no light fauour, for Ile be ſworne it comes ſomewhat heauily to mee. Well. I will not leaue her for all this. Mee thinkes it animates a man to ſtand too't, when a woman deſires to be rid of him at the firſt ſight. *Exit.*

Enter Belforeſt *and* Languebeau Snuffe.

Bel. I entertaine the offer of this match;

With purpose to confirme it presently.
I haue already moou'd it to my daughter;
Her soft excuses saiour'd at the first
(Me thought) but of a modest innocence
Of bloud; whose vnmoou'd streame was neuer drawne
Into the current of affection. But when I
Replyed with more familiar arguments,
Thinking to make her apprehension bold;
Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
And shee refus'd it with such confidence,
As if shee had beene prompted by a loue
Inclining firmely to some other man,
And in that obstinacie shee remaines.

Lan. Verily that disobedience doth not become a Childe. It proceedeth from an vnsanctified libertie. You will be accessarie to your owne dishonour if you suffer it.

Bel. Your honest wisedome has aduis'd mee well.
Once more Ile moue her by perswasiue meanes.
If shee resist; all mildenesse set apart,
I will make vse of my authoritie.

Lan. And instantly, least fearing your constraint; her contrary affection teach her some deuise that may preuent you.

Bel. To cut off eu'ry opportunitie,
Procrastination may assist her with;
This instant night shee shall be marryed.

Lan. Best.

Enter Castabella.

Casta. Please it your Lordship, my mother attends
I'th' Gallerie, and desires your conference.

Exit Belforest.

This meanes I vs'd to bring mee to your eare.
Time cuts off circumstance; I must be briefe.
To your integritie did *Charlemont*
Commit the contract of his loue and mine.
Which now so strong a hand seekes to diuide:
That if your graue aduise assist me not,
I shall be forc'd to violate my faith.

Lan.

Lan. Since *Charlemont*'s abſence, I haue waighed his loue with the ſpirit of conſideration; and in ſincerities I finde it to be friuolous and vaine. With-draw your reſpect; his affection deſerueth it not.

Caſta. Good ſir; I know your heart cannot prophane
The holineſſe you make profeſſion of;
With ſuch a vitious purpoſe, as to breake
The vow, your owne conſent did help to make.

Lan. Can he deſerue your loue, who in neglect of your delightfull conuerſation; and in obſtinate contempt of all your prayers and teares; abſents himſelfe ſo far from your ſweet fellowſhip, and with a purpoſe ſo contracted to that abſence, that you ſee hee purchaſes your ſeparation with the hazard of his bloud and life; fearing to want pretence to part your companies?— T'is rather hate that doth diuiſion moue; Loue ſtill deſires the preſence of his Loue. —— Verily, hee is not of the Familie of Loue.

Caſta. O doe not wrong him. T'is a generous minde
That ledde his diſpoſition to the warre:
For gentle loue and noble courage are
So neare allyed; that one begets another;
Or, Loue is Siſter, and Courage is the Brother.
Could I affect him better then before,
His Souldiers heart would make me loue him more.

Lan. But *Caſtabella.* —— *Enter* Leuidulcia.

Leu. Tuſh, you miſtake the way into a woman,
The paſſage lyes not through her reaſon, but her bloud.

Exit Langnebeau, Caſtabella *about to follow.*

Nay, ſtay! How wouldſt thou call the childe,
That being rais'd with coſt and tenderneſſe,
To full habilitie of body and meanes;
Denies reliefe vnto the parents, who
Beſtow'd that bringing vp?

Caſta. Vnnaturall.

Leu. Then *Caſtabella* is vnnaturall.
Nature the louing mother of vs all,
Brought forth a woman for her owne reliefe;

By

By generation to reuiue her age.
Which now thou hast habilitie and meanes
Presented; most vnkindly dost deny.

Casta. Believe me Mother; I doe loue a man.

Leu. Preferr'st th'affection of an absent Loue,
Before the sweet possession of a man;
The barren minde before the fruitfull body;
Where our creation has no reference
To man; but in his body: being made
Onely for generation; which (vnlesse
Our children can be gotten by conceit)
Must from the body come. If Reason were
Our counsellour, wee would neglect the worke
Of generation, for the prodigall
Expence it drawes vs too, of that which is
The wealth of life. Wise Nature (therefore) hath
Reserv'd for an inducement to our sence,
Our greatest pleasure in that greatest worke.
Which being offer'd thee; thy ignorance
Refuses, for th'imaginarie ioy
Of an vnsatisfied affection, to
An absent man. Whose bloud once spent i'th'warre;
Then hee'l come home, sicke, lame and impotent;
And wed thee to a torment; like the paine
Of *Tantalus*, continuing thy desire,
With fruitlesse presentation of the thing
It loues; still moou'd, and still vnsatisfied.

Enter Belforest, Da'mville, Rousard, Sebastian, Languebeau, &c.

Bel. Now *Leuidulcia!* Hast thou yet prepar'd
My Daughters loue to entertaine this Man?
Her husband here?

Leu. I'm but her mother i'law;
Yet if shee were my very flesh and bloud,
I could aduise no better for good.

Rouf. Sweet wife! Thy ioyfull husband thus salutes
Thy cheeke.

Casta.

Casta. My husband? O! I am betraid. —
Deare friend of *Charlemont*! your puritie
Professes a diuine contempt o'th'world;
O be not brib'd by that you so neglect,
In being the worlds hated instrument,
To bring a iust neglect vpon your selfe! — *Kneele from one*
Deare Father! let me but examine my *to another.*
Affection. — Sir, your prudent iudgement can
Perswade your sonne that t'is improuident
To marry one whose disposition, he
Did ne'er obserue. — Good sir, I may be of
A nature so vnpleasing to your minde;
Perhaps you'l curse the fatall houre wherein
You rashly marryed me.

D'am. My Lord *Belforest*!
I would not haue her forc'd against her choise.

Bel. Passion o'me thou peeuish girle. I charge
Thee by my blessing, and th'authoritie
I haue to claime th'obedience; marry him.

Casta. Now *Charlemont*! O my presaging teares!
This sad euent hath follow'd my sad feares.

Seba. A rape, a rape, a rape!

Bel. How now?

D'am. What's that?

Seba. Why what is't but a Rape to force a wench to marry, since it forces her to lie with him she would not?

Lan. Verily, his Tongue is an vnsanctified member.

Seba. Verily, your grauitie becomes your perish'd soule, as hoary mouldinesse does rotten fruit.

Bel. Couzen, y'are both vnciuill and prophane.

D'am. Thou disobedient villaine; get thee out of my sight. Now by my Soule Ile plague thee for this rudenesse.

Bel. Come; set forward to the Church. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sebastian.

Seba. And verifie the Prouerbe. The nearer the Church; the further from God. ——— Poore wench. For thy sake, may his habilitie die in his appetite; that thou beest not troubled

with him thou louest not. May his appetite moue thy desire to another man: so hee shall helpe to make himselfe Cuckold. And let that man be one that he payes wages too: so thou shalt profit by him thou hatest. Let the Chambers be matted, the hinges oyl'd, the curtaine-rings silenced, and the chamber-maid hold her peace at his owne request, that he may sleepe the quietlier. And in that sleepe let him be soundly cuckolded. And when hee knowes it, and seekes to sue a diuorce; let him haue no other satisfaction then this: *Hee lay by and slept: the Law will take no hold of her, because he wink'd at it.* *Exit.*

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Musicke. A banquet. In the night.

Enter D'amville, Belforest, Leuidulcia, Rousard, Castabella, Languebeau Snuffe, *at one doore. At the other doore,* Cataplasma *and* Soquette, *vsher'd by* Fresco.

Leuidulcia.

MIstresse *Cataplasma!* I expected you an houre since.

Cata. Certaine Ladies at my house (Madame) detain'd mee; otherwise I had attended your Ladiship sooner.

Leu. Wee are beholding to you for you companie. My Lords I pray you bid these Gentlewomen welcome: th'are my inuited friends.

D'am. Gentlewomen, y'are welcome, pray sit downe.

Leu. Fresco! by my Lord *D'amville's* leaue I prithee goe into the Buttry. Thou sha't finde some o'my men there; if they bid thee not welcome, they are very Loggerheads.

Fres. If your Loggerheads will not, your Hoggesheads shall Madame; if I get into the Buttry. *Exit.*

D'am. That fellowes disposition to mirth should be our present example. Let's be graue and meditate, when our affaires require our seriousnes. T'is out of season to be heauily disposed.

Leu. We should be all wound vp into the key of Mirth.

D'am.

D'am. The Musicke there.

Bel. Where's my Lord *Montferrers*? Tell him here's a roome attends him. *Enter* Montferrers.

Mont. Heauen giue your marriage that I am depriu'd of, ioy.

D'am. My Lord *Belforeſt*! *Caſtabella's* health.

D'amville *drinkes.*

Set ope'the Sellar dores, and let this health goe freely round the houſe.—— Another to your Sonne, my Lord: To noble *Charlemont*. Hee is a Souldier. Let the Inſtruments of warre congratulate his memorie.— *Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, here's one i'th'habite of a Souldier ſaies hee is newly return'd from Oſtend, and has ſome buſineſſe of import to ſpeake.

D'am. Oſtend! let him come in. My ſoule fore-tels hee brings the newes will make our Muſicke full. My brothers ioy would doe't: and here comes hee will raiſe it.

Enter Borachio *diſguiſed.*

Mont. O my ſpirit, it does diſſwade my tongue to queſtion him, as if it knew his anſwere would diſpleaſe.

D'am. Souldier! what newes? wee heard a rumour of a blow you gaue the enemie.

Bor T'is very true my Lord.

Bel. Canſt thou relate it.

Bor. Yes.

D'am. I Prithee doe.

Bor. The enemie, defeated of a faire
Aduantage by a flattring ſtratagem;
Plants all th'Artillerie againſt the Towne.
Whoſe thunder and lightning made our bulwarkes ſhake,
And threatned in that terrible report,
The ſtorme wherewith they meant to ſecond it.
Th'aſſault was generall. But for the place
That promis'd moſt aduantage to be forc'd,
The pride of all their Army was drawne forth,
And equally diuided into Front,

And Rere. They march'd. And comming to a ſtand,
Ready to paſſe our Channell at an ebbe,
W'aduis'd it for our ſafeſt courſe, to draw
Our ſluices vp and mak't vnpaſſable.
Our Gouernour oppos'd; and ſuffered 'em
To charge vs home e'en to the Rampiers foot.
But when their front was forcing vp our breach,
At puſh o'pike, then did his pollicie
Let goe the ſluices, and trip'd vp the heeles
Of the whole bodie of their troupe, that ſtood
Within the violent current of the ſtreame.
Their front beleaguer'd twixt the water and
The Towne; ſeeing the floud was growne too deepe,
To promiſe them a ſafe retreate; expos'd
The force of all their ſpirits, (like the laſt
Expiring gaſpe of a ſtrong harted man)
Vpon the hazard of one charge; but were
Oppreſs'd and fell. The reſt that could not ſwimme,
Were onely drown'd; but thoſe that thought to ſcape
By ſwimming, were by murtherers that flankerd,
The leuell of the floud, both drow'nd and ſlaine.

D'am. Now by my ſoule (Souldier) a braue ſeruice.

Mont. O what became of my deare *Charlemont?*

Bor. Walking next day vpon the fatall ſhore,
Among the ſlaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full-ſtomack'd Sea had caſt vpon
The ſands, it was m'vnhappy chance to light
Vpon a face, whoſe fauour when it liu'd
My aſtoniſh'd minde inform'd me I had ſeene.
Hee lay in's Armour; as if that had beene
His Coffine, and the weeping Sea, (like one,
Whoſe milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he ſlew) runnes vp
The Shoare; embraces him; kiſſes his cheeke,
Goes backe againe and forces vp the Sandes
To burie him; and eu'rie time it parts,
Sheds teares vpon him; till at laſt (as if

It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slaine, yet loath to leaue him, with
A kinde of vnresolu'd vnwilling pace,
Winding her waues one in another, like
A man that foldes his armes, or wrings his hands
For griefe; ebb'd from the body and descends:
As if it would sinke downe into the earth,
And hide it selfe for shame of such a deede.

D'am. And Souldier, who was this?

Mont. O *Charlemont!*

Bor. Your feare hath told you that whereof my griefe
Was loath to be the messenger.

Casta. O God. *Exit* Castabella.

D'am. Charlemont drown'd? Why how could that be? since it was the aduerse partie that receiued the ouerthrow.

Bor. His forward spirit press'd into the front;
And being engag'd within the enemie,
When they retreated through the rising streames:
I'the violent confusion of the throng
Was ouerborne and perish'd in the floud.
And here's the sad remembrance of his life, —— *The Scarfe.*
Which for his sake I will for euer weare.

Mont. Torment me not with witnesses of that,
Which I desire, not to beleeue; yet must.

D'am. Thou art a Scrichowle; and dost come i'night
To be the curs'd messenger of death.
Away. Depart my house, or (by my soule)
You'l finde me a more fatall enemie,
Then euer was Ostend. Be gone. Dispatch.

Bor. Sir t'was my loue.

D'am. Your loue to vexe my heart with that I hate?
Harke, doe you heare? you, knaue? ——
O th'art a most delicate sweete eloquent villaine!

Bor. Was't not well counterfaited?

D'am. Rarely. —— Be gone. I will not here reply.

Bor. Why then farewell, I will not trouble you.

Exit.

D'am. So. The foundation's laid. Now by degrees,
The worke will riſe and ſoone be perfected.
O this vncertaine ſtate of mortall man!
Bel. What then? it is th'inevitable fate
Of all things vnderneath the Moone.
D'am. 'Tis true.
Brother for healths ſake ouercome your griefe.
Mont. I cannot ſir. I am vncapable
Of comfort. My turne will be next. I feele
My ſelfe not well.
D'am. You yeeld too much to griefe.
Lang. All men are mortall. The houre of death is vncertaine. Age makes ſicknetſe the more dangerous. And griefe is ſubiect to diſtruction. You know not how ſoone you may be depriu'd of the benefit of ſenſe. In my vnderſtanding (therefore) you ſhall doe well if you be ſicke to ſet your ſtate in preſent order. Make your Will.
D'am. I haue my wiſh. —— Lights for my Brother.
Mont. Ile withdraw a while,
And craue the honeſt counſell of this man.
Bel. With all my heart. I pray attend him ſir.
Exeunt Montferrers *and* Snuffe.
This next roome pleaſe your Lordſhip.
D'am. Where you will.
Exeunt Belforeſt *and* D'amville.
Lenid. My Daughter's gone. Come Sonne. Miſtreſſe *Carapleſma*, come; wee'l vp into her chamber. I'de faine ſee how ſhe entertaines the expectation of her husbands bedfellowſhip.
Ron. 'Faith howſoeuer ſhee entertaines it, I ſhall hardly pleaſe her; therefore let her reſt.
Lenid. Nay, pleaſe her hardly and you pleaſe her beſt.
Exeunt.
Enter 3. Seruants *drunke, drawing in* Freſco.
1 Ser. Boy! fill ſome drinke Boy.
Freſco. Enough good Sir, not a drop more by this light.
2. Not by this light? Why then put out the candles and wee'l drinke i'the darke and t'wut old Boy.
Freſ.

Fref. No, no, no, no, no.

3. Why then take thy liquour. A health *Freſco.* *kneele.*

Fref. Your health will make me ſicke ſir.

1. Then t'will bring you o'your knees I hope ſir.

Fref. May I not ſtand and pledge it ſir?

2. I hope you will doe as wee doe.

Fref. Nay then indeed I muſt not ſtand, for you cannot.

3. Well ſaid old boy.

Fref. Old boy, you'l make me a young childe anon: for if I continue this, I ſhall ſcarce be able to goe alone.

1. My body is as weake as water, *Freſco.*

Fref. Good reaſon ſir, the beere has ſent all the malt vp into your braine, and left nothing but the water in your body.

Enter D'amville *and* Borachio *cloſely obſerving their drunkennes ſſe.*

D'am. Borachio! ſeeſt thoſe fellowes?

Bor. Yes my Lord.

D'am. Their drunkennеſſe that ſeemes ridiculous,
Shall be a ſerious inſtrument, to bring
Our ſober purpoſes to their ſucceſſe.

Bor. I am prepar'd for th'execution, ſir.

D'am. Caſt off this habite, and about it ſtraight.

Bor. Let them drinke healthes, & drowne their braines i'the ſloud, Ile promiſe them they ſhall be pledg'd in bloud. *Exit.*

1. You ha'left a damnable ſnuffe here.

2. Doe you take that in ſnuffe Sir?

1. You are a damnable rogue then. —— *together by th'eares.*

D'am. Fortune I honour thee. My plot ſtill riſes,
According to the modell of mine owne deſires. ——
Lights for my Brother. —— What ha'you drunke your ſelues mad you knaues.

1. My Lord the Iackes abus'd mee.

D'am. I thinke they are the Iackes indeed that haue abus'd thee. Doſt heare? that fellow is a proud knaue. Hee has abus'd thee. As thou goeſt ouer the fields by and by, in lighting my brother home, Ile tell thee what'ſha't doe. Knocke him ouer the pate with thy torch, Ile beare the out in't.

1. I will ſindge the gooſe by this torch. *Exit.*

D'am. Doeſt heare, fellow. Seeſt thou that proud knaue, I haue giuen him a leſſon for his ſawcineſſe. H'as wrong'd thee. Ile tell thee what 'ſha't doe: As we goe ouer the fields by and by, clap him ſodainely o'er the coxe-combe with thy torch, Ile beare thee out in't.

2. I will make him vnderſtand as much.

Exit.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe.

D'am. Now Mounſieur Snuffe! What has my brother done?

Lan. Made his Will, and by that Will made you his heyre, with this prouiſo, that as occaſion ſhall hereafter moue him, hee may reuoke or alter it when he pleaſes.

D'am. Yes. Let him if he can. —— Ile make it ſure from his reuoking. *Aſide.*

Enter Montferrers *and* Belforeſt, *attended with lights.*

Mont. Brother now good night.

D'am. The skie is darke, wee'l bring you o'er the fields. Who can but ſtrike, wants wiſedome to maintaine: Hee that ſtrikes ſafe and ſure, has heart and braine.

Exeunt.

Enter Caſtabella *alone.*

Caſta. O Loue! thou chaſt affection of the Soule, Without th'adultrate mixture of the bloud; That vertue which to goodneſſe addeth good: The minion of heauens heart. Heauen! is't my fate For louing that thou lou'ſt to get thy hate? Or was my *Charlemont* thy choſen Loue? And therefore haſt receiu'd him to thy ſelfe? Then I confeſſe thy anger's not vniuſt. I was thy riuall. Yet to be diuorc'd From loue, has beene a puniſhment enough. (Sweete heauen) without being marryed vnto hate, Hadſt thou beene pleas'd: O double miſerie! Yet ſince thy pleaſure hath inflicted it, If not my heart, my dutie ſhall ſubmit.

Enter

Enter Leuidulcia, Rouſard, Cateplaſma, Soquette, *and* Freſco *with a lanthorne.*

Leu. Miſtreſſe *Cataplaſma*, good night. I pray when your Man has brought you home, let him returne and light me to my houſe.

Cata. He ſhall inſtantly waite on your Ladiſhip.

Leu. Good Miſtreſſe *Cataplaſma*; for my ſeruants are all drunke; I cannot be beholding to'em for their attendance.

Exeunt Cataplaſma, Soquette, *and* Freſco.

O here's your Bride.

Rouſ. And melancholique too, me thinkes.

Leu. How can ſhee chooſe? your ſickneſſe will
Diſtaſte th'expected ſweetneſſe o'the night.
That makes her heauie.

Rou. That ſhould make her light.

Leu. Looke you to that.

Caſta. What ſweetneſſe ſpeake you of?
The ſweetneſſe of the night conſiſts in reſt.

Rou. With that ſweetneſſe thou ſhalt be ſurely bleſt,
Vnleſſe my groning wake thee. Doe not moane.

Leu. Sh'ad rather you would wake, and make her grone.

Rou. Nay 'troth ſweete heart, I will not trouble thee.
Thou ſhalt not loſe thy maiden-head too night.

Caſta. O might that weakeneſſe euer be in force,
I neuer would deſire to ſue diuorce!

Rou. Wilt goe to bed.

Caſta. I will attend you, Sir.

Rou. Mother, good night.

Leu. Pleaſure be your bed-fellow.

Exeunt Rouſard *and* Caſtabella.

Why ſure their Generation was aſleepe,
When ſhee begot thoſe Dormice; that ſhee made
Them vp ſo weakely and imperfectly.
One wants deſire; the tother habilitie.
When my affection euen with their cold blouds
(As ſnow rub'd through an actiue hand, does make
The fleſh to burne) by agitation is

Inflam'd, I could vnbrace, and entertaine
The ayre to coole it.

Enter Sebastian.

Seba. That but mitigates
The heate; rather imbrace and entertaine
A younger brother; he can quench the fire.

Leu. Can you so, sir? now I beshrew your eare.
Why bold *Sebastian*, how dare you approach
So neare the presence of your displeas'd Father.

Seba. Vnder the protection of his present absence.

Leu. Belike you knew he was abroad then.

Seba. Yes.
Let me encounter you so; Ile perswade
Your meanes to reconcile me to his loue.

Leu. Is that the way? I vnderstand you not.
But for your reconcilement, meete m'at home;
Ile satisfie your suite.

Seba. Within this halfe houre?

Exit Sebastian.

Leu. Or within this whole houre. When you will. —— —— A lusty bloud! has both the presence and the spirit of a man. I like the freedome of his behauiour. —— Ho —— *Sebastian!* Gone? —— Has set my bloud o'boyling i'my veynes And now (like water pour'd vpon the ground, that mixes it selfe with eu'ry moysture it meetes) I could claspe with any man.

Enter Fresco *with a Lanthorne.*

O *Fresco!* Art thou come? If tother faile, then thou art enter-
Lust is a Spirit, which whosoe'er doth raise; (raind.
The next man that encounters boldly, laves. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio *warily and hastily ouer the Stage, with a stone in either hand.*

Bor. Such stones men vse to raise a house vpon;
But with these stones I goe to ruine one. *'Descends.*

Enter two Seruants drunke fighting with their torches, D'amville, Montferrers, Belforest, *and* Languebeau Snuffe.

Bel. Passion o'me you drunken knaues, you'l put the lights out.

D'am.

D'am. No my Lord, th'are but in ieaſt.

1. Mine's out.

D'am. Then light it at his head, that's light enough.—— Foregod, th'are out. You drunken Raſcals backe and light'em.

Bel. T'is exceeding darke. *Exeunt Seruants.*

D'am. No matter. I am acquainted with the way. Your hand. Let's eaſily walke. Ile lead you till they come.

Mont. My ſoule's oppreſt with griefe. T'lies heauie at my heart, O my departed Sonne! ere long I ſhall be with thee.

D'amville *thruſts him downe into the grauell pit.*

D'am. Marry God forbid.

Mont. O, o, o.

D'am. Now all the hoſte of heauen forbid. Knaues, Rogues.

Bel. Pray God hee be not hurt! hee's falne into the grauell pit.

D'am. Brother! deare Brother! Raſcals, villaines, knaues.

Enter the Seruants with lights.

Eternall darkeneſſe damne you; come away. Goe round about into the grauell pit, and helpe my Brother vp. Why what a ſtrange vnlucky night is this? Is't not my Lord? I thinke that Dogge that howl'd the newes of griefe, that fatall Scrichowle vſherd on this miſchiefe.

Enter with the murdred body.

Lan. Miſchiefe indeed my Lord. Your Brother's dead.

Bel. Hee's dead.

Ser. Hee's dead.

D'am. Dead be your tongues. Drop out mine eye-bals, and let enuious Fortune play at tennis with'em. Haue I liu'd to this? Malicious Nature! hadſt thou borne me blinde; th'adſt yet been ſomething fauourable to me. No breath? No motion? 'prithee tell me heauen! haſt ſhut thine eye to winke at murther; or haſt put this ſable garment on, to mourne at's death? Not one poore ſparke in the whole ſpatious skye, of all that endleſſe number would vouchſafe to ſhine? You vize-royes to the King of nature! whoſe conſtellations gouerne mortall births; where is that fatall Planet rul'd at his Natiuitie? That might ha'pleas'd to lighe him out, as well into th'world; vnleſſe it be aſham'd

Bor. Then your healths.
Though seeming but the ordinarie rites,
And ceremonies due to festiuals:——

D'am. Yet vs'd by me to make the seruants drunke.
An instrument the plot could not haue miss'd.
T'was easie to set drunkards by the eares:
Th'ad nothing but their torches to fight with;
And when those lights were out;

Bor. Then darkenesse did
Protect the execution of the worke,
Both from preuention and discouerie.

D'am. Here was a murther bravely carryed, through
The eye of obseruation, vnobseru'd.

Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The Instruments yet knew not what they did.

D'am. That power of rule Philosophers ascribe
To him they call the supreame of the Starres;
Making their influences gouernours
Of Sublunarie Creatures; when their selues
Are senselesse of their operations.

Thunder and Lightning.

What! Doest start at thunder? Credit my beliefe, t'is a meere effect of nature. An exhalation hot and dry, inuolu'd within a watrie vapour i'the middle region of the ayre. Whose coldnesse congealing that thicke moysture to a cloud; the angry exhalation shut within a prison of contrary qualitie, striues to be free; and with the violent eruption through the grossenesse of that cloud; makes this noyse we heare.

Bor. T'is a fearefull noyse.

D'am. T'is a braue noyse. And mee thinkes graces our accomplish'd proiect, as a peale of Ordnance does a triumph. It speakes encouragement. Now Nature showes thee how it fauour'd our performance; to forbeare this noyse when wee set forth, because it should not terrifie my brothers going home; which would haue dash'd our purpose: To forbeare this lightning in our passage, least it should ha'warn'd him o'the pitfall. Then propitious Nature winck'd at our proceedings;

now

now it doth expresse, how that forbearance fauour'd our successe.

Bor. You haue confirm'd mee. For it followes well,
That Nature (since her selfe decay doth hate)
Should fauour those that strengthen their estate.

D'am. Our next endeauour is, since on the false report that *Charlemont* is dead, depends the fabrique of the worke; to credit that with all the countenance wee can.

Bor. Faith Sir, euen let his owne inheritance, whereof y'aue dispossess'd him, countenance the act. Spare so much out of that, to giue him a solempnitie of funerall. T'will quit the cost; and make your apprehension of his death appeare more confident and true.

D'am. Ile take thy counsell. Now farewell blacke night;
Thou beauteous Mistresse of a murderer:
To honour thee, that hast accomplish'd all;
Ile weare thy colours at his funerall.

Exeunt.

Enter Leuidulcia *into her chamber maid by* Fresco.

Leu. Th'art welcome into my chamber, *Fresco*. Prithee shut the dore. —— Nay thou mistakest me. Come in and shut it.

Fres. T'is somewhat late Madame.

Leu. No matter. I haue somewhat to say to thee. What? is not thy mistresse towards a husband yet?

Fres. Faith Madame, shee has suitors. But they will not suite her me thinkes. They will not come off lustily it seemes.

Leu. They will not come on lustily, thou wouldst say.

Fres. I meane (Madame) they are not rich enough.

Leu. But I (*Fresco*) they are not bold enough. Thy Mistresse is of a liuely attractiue bloud *Fresco*. And in troth shee's o'my minde for that. A poore spirit is poorer then a poore purse. Giue me a fellow that brings not onely temptation with him, but has the actiuitie of wit, and audacitie of spirit to apply euery word and gesture of a womans speech and behauiour to his owne desire; and make her beleeue shee's the suitor her selfe. Neuer giue backe till he has made her yeeld to't.

Fres.

T'haue beene the inſtrument of ſuch a good mans curſed deſtinie.——

Belf. Paſſions tranſports you. Recollect your ſelfe.
Lament him not. Whether our deaths be good
Or bad; it is not death but life that tryes;
Hee liu'd well, (therefore) queſtionleſſe, well dyes.

D'am. I. Tis an eaſie thing for him that has no paine to talke of patience. Doe you thinke that Nature has no feeling?

Belf. Feeling? Yes. But has ſhe purpos'd any thing for nothing? What good receiues this body by your griefe? Whether is't more vnnaturall not to grieue for him you cannot helpe with it; or hurt your ſelfe with grieuing and yet grieue in vaine?

D'am. Indeede had hee beene taken from mee like a piece o'dead fleſh, I ſhould neither ha' felt it, nor grieued for't. But come hether, 'pray looke heere. Behold the liuely tincture of his bloud! Neither the Dropſie nor the Iaundies in't. But the true freſhneſſe of a ſanguine red; for all the fogge of this blacke murdrous night has mix'd with it. For any thing I know, hee might ha' liu'd till doomeſday, and ha' done more good then either you or I. O Brother! He was a man of ſuch a natiue goodneſſe; as if Regeneration had beene giuen him in his mothers wombe. So harmeles, that rather then ha' trod vpon a worme, hee would ha' ſhun'd the way. So deerely pittifull, that e're the poore could aſke his charity with dry eyes, hee gaue 'em reliefe wi' teares —— with teares —— yes faith with teares.

Belf. Take vp the Corps. For wiſedom's ſake let reaſon fortifie this weakeneſſe.

D'am. Why what would you ha' mee doe? Fooliſh Nature will haue her courſe in ſpight o'wiſedome. But I haue e'en done. All theſe wordes were but a great winde, and now this ſhowre of teares has layd it, I am calme againe. You may ſet forward when you will. Ile follow you, like one that muſt and would not.

Lang. Our oppoſition will but trouble him.

Belf. The griefe that melts to teares; by it ſelfe is ſpent,
Paſſion reſiſted, growes more violent. *Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet D'amville. Borachio *ascendit.*

D'am. Here's a sweete Comedie. T'begins with O *dolentis*, and concludes with ha,ha,he.

Bor. Ha,ha, he.

D'am. O my eccho! I could stand reuerberating this sweete musicall ayre of ioy, till I had perish'd my sound lungs with violent laughter. Louely Night-Rauen! th'ast sear'd a carkasse.

Bor. Put him out on's paine. I lay so fitly vnderneath the hancke from whence he fell; that e'er his faltring tongue could vtter double Oo; I knock'd out's braines with this faire Rubie. And had another stone iust of this somme and bignesse ready: that I laid i'the broken skull vpo'the ground for's pillow; against the which they thought he fell and perish'd.

D'am. Vpon this ground He build my Manour-house;
And this shall be the chiefest corner stone.

Bor. T'has crown'd the most iudicious murder; that
The braine of man was e'er deliuer'd of.

D'am. I. Marke the plot. Not any circumstance
That stood within the reach of the designe,
Of persons, dispositions, matter, time on place,
But by this braine of mine, was made
An Instrumentall help; yet nothing from
Th'induction to th'accomplishment seem'd forc'd,
Or done o'purpose, but by accident.

Bor. First, my report that *Charlemont* was dead,
Though false; yet couer'd with a masque of truth.

D'am. I, and deliuer'd in as fit a time:
When all our mindes so wholy were possess'd
With one affaire, that no man would suspect
A thought imploi'd for any second end.

Bor. Then the Precisian to be ready, when
Your brother spake of death, to moue his Will.

D'am. His businesse cal'd him thither; and it fell
Within his office; vnrequested to't.
From him it came religiously; and sau'd
Our project from suspition; which if I
Had mou'd had beene endanger'd.

Bor. Then your healths.
Though seeming but the ordinarie rites,
And ceremonies due to festiuals:——

D'am. Yet vs'd by me to make the seruants drunke.
An instrument the plot could not haue mis'd.
T'was easie to set drunkards by the eares:
Th'ad nothing but their torches to fight with;
And when those lights were out;

Bor. Then darkenesse did
Protect the execution of the worke,
Both from preuention and discouerie.

D'am. Here was a murther bravely carryed, through
The eye of obseruation, vnobseru'd.

Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The Instruments yet knew not what they did.

D'am. That power of rule Philosophers ascribe
To him they call the supreame of the Starres;
Making their influences gouernours
Of Sublunarie Creatures; when their selues
Are senselesse of their operations.

Thunder and Lightning.

What! Doest start at thunder? Credit my beliefe, t'is a meere effect of nature. An exhalation hot and dry, inuolu'd within a watrie vapour i'the middle region of the ayre. Whose coldnesse congealing that thicke moysture to a cloud; the angry exhalation shut within a prison of contrary qualitie, strives to be free; and with the violent eruption through the grossenesse of that cloud; makes this noyse we heare.

Bor. T'is a fearefull noyse.

D'am. T'is a braue noyse. And mee thinkes graces our accomplish'd proiect, as a peale of Ordnance does a triumph. It speakes encouragement. Now Nature showes thee how it fauour'd our performance; to forbeare this noyse when wee set forth, because it should not terrifie my brothers going home; which would haue dash'd our purpose: To forbeare this lightning in our passage, least it should haue turn'd him o'the pitfall. Then propitious Nature wincke'd at our proceedings;

now it doth expresse, how that forbearance fauour'd our successe.

Bor. You haue confirm'd mee. For it followes well,
That Nature (since her selfe decay doth hate)
Should fauour those that strengthen their estate.

D'am. Our next endeauour is, since on the false report that *Charlemont* is dead, depends the fabrique of the worke; to credit that with all the countenance wee can.

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Fres.

Fref. Indeede among our equals Madame, but otherwise we shall be put horribly out o'countenance.

Lew. Thou art deceiu'd, *Frefco.* Ladyes are as courteous as Yeomens wiues, and me thinkes they should be more gentle. Hot diet and soft ease makes em (like waxe alwaies kept warme) more easie to take impression. —— Prithee vntie my shooe. —— What? art thou shamefac'd too? Goe roundly to worke man. My legge is not goutie: t'will endure the feeling I warrant thee. Come hither *Frefco*; thine eare, —— S'daintie; I mistooke the place. I miss'd thine eare and hit thy lip.

Fref. Your Ladiship has made me blush.

Lew. That showes th'art full o'lustie bloud, and thou knoweest not how to vse it. Let mee see thy hand. Thou shouldst not be shamefac'd by thy hand. *Frefco.* Here's a brawny flesh and a hairy skinne: both signes of an able body. I doe not like these flegmaticke, smooth-skinn'd, soft-flesh'd fellowes. They are like candied Suckets, when they begin to perish; which I would alwayes emptie my Closet off, and giue'em my chamber-maid. —— I haue some skill in Palmestry: by this line that stands directly against mee; thou shouldst be neare a good fortune, *Frefco*, if thou hadst the grace to entertaine it.

Fref. O what is that Madame? I pray!

Lew. No lesse then the loue of a faire Lady, if thou doest not lose her with faint-heartednesse.

Fref. A Lady, Madame? alas a Lady is a great thing, I cannot compasse her.

Lew. No? Why? I am a Lady, Am I so great I cannot be compassed? Claspe my waist and try.

Fref. I could finde i'my heart Madame.

Sebastian *knockes within.*

Lew. Vds body; my Husband! Faint-hearted foole! I thinke thou wert begotten betweene the North-pole, and the congeal'd passage. Now like an ambitious Coward that betrayes himselfe with fearefull delay: you must suffer for the treason you neuer committed. Goe hide thy selfe behind yound'arras, instantly.

Enter

Fresco *hides himselfe. Enter* Sebastian.

Sebastian! What doe you here so late?

Seba. Nothing yet; but I hope I shall. —— *Kisses her.*

Leu. Y'are very bold.

Seba. And you very valiant; for you met mee at full Cariere.

Leu. You come to ha'me moue your fathers reconciliation. Ile write a word or two i'your behalfe.

Seba A word or two, Madame? that you doe for mee, will not be contain'd in lesse then the compasse of two sheetes. But in plaine termes, shall wee take the opportunitie of priuatenesse?

Leu. What to doe?

Seba. To dance the beginning of the world after the English manner.

Leu. Why not after the French or Italian?

Seba. Fie. They dance it preposterously; backward.

Leu. Are you so actiue to dance?

Seba. I can shake my heeles.

Leu. Y'are well made for't.

Seba. Measure me from top to toe; you shall not finde mee differ much from the true standard of proportion.

Belforest *knockes within.*

Leu. I thinke I am accurs'd. *Sebastian!* There's one at the doore has beaten opportunitie away from vs. In briefe, I loue thee. And it shall not be long before I giue thee a testimony of it. To saue thee now from suspition; doe no more but draw thy Rapier; chase thy selfe; and when hee comes in, rush by without taking notice of him. Onely seeme to be angry, and let me alone for the rest.

Enter Belforest.

Seba. Now by the hand of *Mercurie.*

Exit Sebastian.

Bel. What's the matter wife?

Leu. Ooh, Ooh, Husband!

Bel. Prithee what ail'st thou woman?

Leu. O feele my pulse. It beates I warrant you. Be patient a little sweet Husband; tarry but till my breath come to me againe, and Ile satisfie you.

Bel. What ailes *Sebastian*, he lookes so distractedly?

Leu. The poore Gentleman's almost out on's wits I thinke. You remember the displeasure his Father tooke against him about the liberty of speech he vs'd euen now when your daughter went to be married.

Bel. Yes, what of that?

Leu. T'has cra'd him sure the mat: a poore man i'the street euen now. Vpon what quarrell I know not: but hee pursued him so violently, that if my house had not beene his rescue, he had surely kild him.

Bel. What a strange desperate young man is that!

Leu. Nay husband, hee grew so in rage when hee saw the man was conueyed from him, that he was ready euen to haue drawne his naked weapon vpon me. And had not your knocking at the doore preuented him, surely h'ad done something to mee.

Bel. Where's the man?

Leu. Alas here. I warrant you the poore fearefull soule is scarce come to himselfe againe yet. —— If the foole haue any wit hee will apprehend mee. —— Doe you heare sir! You may be bold to come forth, the Fury that haunted you is gone.

Fresco puppets four of vilty fort rise from behinde the Arras.

Fres. Are you sure hee is gone?

Bel. Hee's gone, hee's gone, I warrant thee.

Fres. I would I were gone too. Has strooke mee almost into a dead palsie.

Bel. How fell the difference betweene you?

Fres. I would I were out at the backe doore.

Bel. Th'art safe enough. Prithee tell's the falling out.

Fres. Yes sir, when I haue recouered my spirits. My memory is almost frighted from mee. —— Oh, so, so, so. —— Why Sir, as I came along the streete Sir; —— this same Gentleman came stumbling after mee, and trod o'my heele, ——

I cryed O. Doe you cry sirrah? saies hee. Let mee see your heele, if it be not hurt, Ile make you cry for something. So he claps my head betweene his legges, and pulles off my shooe. I hauing shifted no sockes in a sea night, the Gentleman cryed foh; and said my feete were base and cowardly feete, they stuncke for feare. Then hee knock'd my shooe about my pate, and I cryed O, once more. In the meane time comes a shag-hair'd dogge by, and rubbes against his shinnes. The Gentleman tooke the dog in shagge-haire to be some Watch-man in a rugge gowne; and swore hee would hang mee vp at the next doore with my lanthorne in my hand, that passengers might see their way as they went without rubbing against Gentlemens shinnes. So, for want of a Cord, hee tooke his owne garters off, and as he was going to make a nooze, I watch'd my time and ranne away. And as I ranne (indeede) I bid him hang himselfe in his owne garters. So hee in choler, pursued mee hither as you see.

Bel. Why this sauours of distraction.

Leu. Of meere distraction.

Fref. Howsoeuer it sauours, I am sure it smels like a lye.

Bel. Thou maist goe forth at the backe doore (honest fellow) the way is priuate and safe.

Fref. So it had needes, for your fore-doore (here) is both common and dangerous.

Exit Belforeſt.

Leu. Good night honest *Freſco.*

Fref. Good night Madame, if you get mee kissing o'Ladies againe. ——— *Exit* Freſco.

Leu. This fals out handsomely.
But yet the matter does not well succeed,
Till I haue brought it to the very deede.

Exit.

Enter Charlemont *in Armes, a* Musquetier, *and a* Seriant.

Charl. Seriant! what houre o'the night is't.

Ser. About one.

Charl. I would you would relieue me; for I am

So heauie, that I shall ha'much adoe;
To stand out my perdu. *Thunder and Lightning.*
Ser. Ile e'en but walke
The round (sir) and then presently returne.
Soul. For God's sake Serieant relieue me aboue fiue houres together in so foule a stormy night as this?
Ser. Why t'is a musique Souldier, Heauen and earth are now in consort, when the Thunder and the Canon play one to another. *Exit* Serieant.
Charl. I know not why I should be thus inclin'd to sleepe, I feele my disposition press'd with a necessitie of heauines. Souldier! if thou hast any better eyes, I prithee wake mee when the Serieant comes.
Soul. Sir, t'is so darke and stormy that I shall scarce eyther see or heare him, e'er he comes vpon mee.
Charl. I cannot force my selfe to wake. —— *Slumber.*
Enter the ghost of Montferrers.
Mont. Returne to France; for thy old Father's dead;
And thou by murther, disinherited.
Attend with patience the successe of things;
But leaue reuenge vnto the King of kings. *Exit.*
Charlemont *starts and wakes.*
Charl. O my affrighted soule! what fearefull dreame
Was this that wak'd mee? Dreames are but the rais'd
Impressions of premeditated things,
By serious apprehension left vpon
Our mindes, or else th'imaginary shapes
Of obiects proper to th' complexion, or
The dispositions of our bodyes. These
Can neyther of them be the cause, why I
Should dreame thus; for my mind has not been mou'd
With any one conception of a thought
To such a purpose, nor my nature wont
To trouble me with phantasies of terror.
It must be something that my *Genius* would
Informe me of. Now gratious heauen forbid!
O! let my Spirit be depriu'd of all

Fore-sight

Fore-sight and knowledge, ere it vnderstand
That vision acted; or diuine that act
To come. Why should I thinke so? Left I not
My worthy Father i'the kind regard
Of a most louing Vncle? Souldier! sawst
No apparition of a man?

Soul. You dreame Sir; I saw nothing.

Char. Tush. These idle dreames
Are fabulous. Our boyling phantasies
Like troubled waters falsifie the shapes
Of things retain'd in them; and make 'em seeme
Confounded, when they are distinguish'd. So
My actions daily conuersant with warre;
(The argument of bloud and death) had left
(Perhaps) th'imaginary presence of
Some bloudy accident vpon my minde:
Which mix'd confusedly with other thoughts,
(Whereof th'remembrance of my Father, might
Be one) presented all together, seeme
Incorporate; as if his body were
The owner of that bloud, the subiect of
That death; when hee's at Paris, and that bloud
Shed here. It may be thus. I would not leaue
The warre, for reputation's sake, vpon
An idle apprehension; a vaine dreame.

Enter the Ghost.

Soul. Stand. Stand, I say. No? Why then hatte at thee. Sir, if you will not stand, Ile make you fall? Nor stand, nor fall? Nay then the Diuel's damme has broke her husbands head: for sure it is a Spirit, I shot it through, and yet it will not fall.

Exit.

The Ghost approaches Charlemont.
Hee fearefully auoids it.

Char. O pardon me! my doubtfull heart was slow
To credit that which I did feare to know. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertij Scena prima.

Enter the Funerall of Montferrers.

D'amville.

SEt downe the Body. Pay earth what shee lent,
But shee shall beare a liuing monument,
To let succeeding ages truely know,
That shee is satisfied, what hee did owe:
Both principall and vse, because his worth
Was better at his death then at his birth.

A dead march. Enter the Funerall of Charlemont *as a Souldier.*

D'am. And with his Body, place that memorie
Of noble *Charlemont* his worthie Sonne.
And giue their Graues the rites that doe belong
To Souldiers. They were Souldiers both. The Father
Held open warre with Sinne; the Sonne with bloud:
This in a warre more gallant, that more good.

The first volley.

D'am. There place their Armes; and here their Epitaphes.
And may these Lines suruiue the last of graues.

The Epitaph of *Montferrers.*

HEre lye the Ashes of that earth and fire,
whose heat and fruit, did feede and warme the poore:
And they (as if they would in sighes expire,
and into teares dissolue) his death deplore.
Hee did that good freely; for goodnesse sake,
vnforc'd: for gen'rousnesse he held so deare,
That hee fear'd none but him that did him make;
and yet he seru'd him more for loue then feare.
So's life prouided, that though he did dye
A sodaine death; yet dyed not sodainely.

The

The Epitaph of *Charlemont.*

HIs Body lies interr'd within this mould,
Who dyed a young man, yet departed old.
And in all strength of youth that Man can have,
Was ready still to drop into his grave.
For ag'd in vertue with a youthfull eye,
He welcom'd it being still prepar'd to dye;
And living so, though young deprived of breath,
He did not suffer an vntimely death.
But we may say of his brave blessed decrease:
He dyed in warre; and yet hee dyed in peace.

The second volley.

D'am. O might that fire revive the ashes of
This Phenix! yet the wonder would not be
So great as he was good, and wondred at
For that. His lives example was so true
A practique of Religion's Theorie,
That her Divinitie seem'd rather the
Description then th'instruction of his life.
And of his goodnesse, was his vertuous Sonne
A worthy imitatour. So that on
These two Herculean pillars, where their armes
Are plac'd, there may be writ, *Non vltra.* For
Beyond their lives as well for youth as age,
Nor young nor old, in merit or in names
Shall e'er exceede their vertues or their fame.

The third volley.

T'is done. Thus faire accomplements, make foule
Deedes gratious. *Charlemont!* come now when t'wut.
I've buryed vnder these two marble stones.
Thy living hopes; And thy dead fathers bones. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Castabella *mourning to the monument of* Charlemont.

Casta. O thou that knowest me iustly *Charlemont*,
Though in the forc'd possession of another;
Since from thine owne free spirit wee receiue it,
That our affections cannot be compel'd,
Though our actions may; be not displeas'd, if on
The altar of his Tombe, I sacrifice
My teares. They are the iewels of my loue
Dissolued into griefe and fall vpon
His blasted Spring; as Aprill dewe, vpon
A sweet young blossome shak'd before the time.

Enter Charlemont *with a* Seruant.

Charl. Goe see my Trunckes disposed of, Ile but walk
A turne or two i'th Church and follow you. *Exit* Seruant.
O I here's the fatall monument of my
Dead Father first presented to mine eye.
What's here? in memory of *Charlemont*?
Some false relation has abus'd beliefe.
I am deluded. But I thanke thee Heauen.
For euer let me be deluded thus.
My *Castabella* mourning o'er my Hearse?
Sweete *Castabella* rise, I am not dead.

Casta. O heauen defend mee.

Falls in a swoune.

Charl. I Be shrow my rash
And inconsid'rate passion. —— *Castabella!*
That could not thinke —— my *Castabella!* —— that
My sodaine presence might affright her sense. ——
I prithee (my affection) pardon mee. *Shee rises.*
Reduce thy vnderstanding to thine eye.
Within this habite which thy misinform'd
Conceipt takes onely for a shape; liue both
The soule and body of thy *Charlemont*.

Casta. I feele a substance, warme, and soft, and moist,
Subiect to the capacitie of sense.

Charl.

Charl. Which Spirits are not; for their essence is
Aboue the nature and the order of
Those Elements whereof our senses are
Created. Touch my lip. Why turnst thou from mee?
Cast. Griefe aboue griefes. That which should woe relieue,
Wish'd and obtain'd, giues greater cause to grieue.
Charl. Can *Castabella* thinke it cause of griefe
That the relation of my death proues false?
Casta. The presence of the person wee affect,
(Being hopelesse to enioy him) makes our griefe
More passionate then if wee saw him not.
Charl. Why not enioy? has absence chang'd thee?
Casta. Yes.
From maide to wife.
Charl. Art marryed?
Casta. O I am.
Charl. Married? had not my mother been a woman,
I should protest against the chastitie
Of all thy sexe. How can the Marchant, or
The Marriner, absent whole yeares (from wiues
Experienc'd in the satisfaction of
Desire) promise themselues to finde their sheetes
Vnspotted with adultery, at their
Returne? when you that neuer had the sense
Of actuall temptation; could not stay
A few short months.
Casta. O doe but heare me speake.
Charl. But thou wert wise; and didst consider that
A Souldier might be maim'd, and so (perhaps)
Lose his habilitie to please thee.
Casta. No. That weakn'es pleases me in him I haue.
Char. What? marryed to a man vnable too?
O strange incontinence! Why? was thy bloud
Increas'd to such a pleurisie of lust,
That of necessitie, there must a veyne
Be open'd; though by one that had no skill
To doe't?

Casta. Sir, I beseech you heare me.
Charl. Speake.
Casta. Heau'n knowes I am vnguiltie of this act.
Charl. Why? wer't thou forc'd to doe't?
Casta. Heau'n knowes I was.
Charl. What villaine did it?
Casta. Your Vncle *D'amville*.
And he that dispossess'd my loue of you;
Hath disinherited you of possession.
Charl. Disinherited? wherein haue I deseru'd
To be depriu'd of my deare Fathers loue?
Casta. Both of his loue and him. His soule's at rest.
But here your iniur'd patience may behold
The signes of his lamented memorie.
Charlemont *findes his Fathers Monument.*
H'as found it. When I tooke him for a Ghoast,
I could endure the torment of my feare;
More eas'ly then I can his sorrowes heare.
Exit.
Charl. Of all mens griefes must mine be singular?
Without example? Heere I met my graue.
And all mens woes are buried i' their graues
But mine. In mine my miseries are borne.
I pr'ithee sorrow leaue a little roome,
In my confounded and tormented mind;
For vnderstanding to deliberate
The cause or author of this accident. ——
A close aduantage of my absence made,
To dispossesse me both of land and wife:
And all the profit does arise to him,
By whom my absence was first mou'd and vrg'd.
These circumstances (Vncle) tell me, you
Are the suspected author of those wrongs.
Whereof the lightest, is more heauie then
The strongest patience can endure to beare. *Exit.*
Enter D'amville, Sebastian, *and* Languebeau.
D'am. Now Sir! your businesse?

Seba.

Seba. My Annuitie.

D'am. Not a deniere.

Seba. How would you ha'me liue?

D'am. Why turne Cryer. Cannot you turne Cryer?

Seba. Yes.

D'am. Then doe so, y'haue a good voice for't. Y'are excellent at crying of a Rape.

Seba. Sir, I confesse in particular respect to your selfe, I was somewhat forgetfull. Gen'rall honestie possess'd me.

D'am. Goe, th'art the base corruption of my bloud; And like a Tetter growes't vnto my flesh.

Seba. Inflict any punishment vpon me. The seueritie shall not discourage me, if it be not shamefull; so you'l but put money i'my purse. The want of money makes a free spirit more mad then the possession does an Vsurer.

D'am. Not a farthing.

Seba. Would you ha'me turne purse-taker? T'is the next way to doe't. For want is like the Racque; it drawes a man to endanger himselfe to the gallowes rather then endure it.

Enter Charlemont, D'amville *counterfaites to take him for a ghoast.*

D'am. What art thou? Stay. Assist my troubled sence. My apprehension will distract me. Stay.

Languebeau Snuffe *auoides him fearefully.*

Seba. What art thou? speake.

Charl. The spirit of *Charlemont.*

D'am. O stay! compose me. I dissolue.

Lang. No. T'is prophane. Spirits are inuisible. T'is the fiend i'the likenesse of *Charlemont.* I will haue no conuersation with Sathan.

Exit Snuffe.

Seba. The Spirit of *Charlemont?* I'le try that.

Strike, and the blow return'd.

'Fore God thou sayest true, th'art all Spirit.

D'am. Goe call the Officers.

Exit D'amville.

Charl. Th'art a villaine; and the Sonne of a villaine.

Seba. You lye. *Fight.*

Sebastian *is downe.*

Char. Haue at thee.

Enter the Ghost of Montferrers.

Reuenge to thee He dedicate this worke.

Mont. Hold *Charlemont*!
Let him reuenge my murder, and thy wrongs,
To whom the Iustice of Reuenge belongs.

Exit.

Char. You torture me betweene the passion of my bloud, and the religion of my soule,

Sebastian *rises.*

Seba. A good honest fellow.

Enter D'amville *with Officers.*

D'am. What? wounded? apprehend him. Sir; is this your salutation for the courtesie I did you when wee parted last? You ha'forgot I lent you a thousand Crownes. First, let him aunswere for this riot. When the Law is satisfied for that; an an action for his debt shall clap him vp againe. I tooke you for a Spirit; and Ile coniure you before I ha'done.

Charl. No. Ile turne Coniurer. Diuell! within this Circle, in the midst of all thy force and malice I coniure thee doe thy worst.

D'am. Away with him.

Exeunt Officers with Charlemont.

Seba. Sir, I haue got a scratch or two here for your sake. I hope you'l giue mee money to pay the Surgeon.

D'am. Borachio! fetch me a thousand Crownes. I am content to countenance the freedome of your spirit when t'is worthily imployed. A Gods name giue behauiour the full scope of gen'rous libertie; but let it not disperse and spend it selfe in courses of vnbounded licence. Here, pay for your hurts.

Exit D'amville.

Seba. I thanke you sir.——Gen'rous libertie,——that is to say, freely to bestow my habilities to honest purposes. Me thinkes I should not follow that instruction now; if hauing the meanes

meanes to doe an honest office for an honest fellow, I should neglect it. *Charlemont* lyes in prison for a thousand Crownes. And here I haue a thousand Crownes. Honestie tels meet were well done to release *Charlemont*. But discretion sayes I had much a doe to come by this, and when this shall be gone I know not where to finger any more: especially if I employ it to this vse, which is like to endanger mee into my Fathers perpetuall displeasure. And then I may goe hang my selfe, or be forc'd to doe that, will make another saue mee the labour. No matter. *Charlemont!* Thou gau'st mee my life and that's somewhat of a purer earth then gold as fine as it is. T'is no courtesie I doe thee but thankefulnesse. I owe thee it and Ile pay it. Hee fought brauely, but the Officers drag'd him villanously. Arrant knaues! for vsing him so discourteously; may the sins o'the poore people be so few, that you sha'not be able to spare so much out o'your gettings, as will pay for the hyre of a lame starv'd hackney to ride to an execution. But goe a foote to the gallowes, and be hang'd. May elder brothers turne good husbands, and younger brothers get good wiues; that there be no needs of debt-bookes, nor vse of Serieants. May there be all peace but i'the warre, and all charitie but i'the Diuell; so that prisons may be turn'd to Hospitals, though the Officers liue o'the benevolence. If this curse might come to passe, the world would say, *Blessed be he that curseth.*

Exit.

Enter Charlemont *in prison.*

Charl. I graunt the Heauen. Thy goodnesse doth command
Our punishments: but yet no further then
The measure of our sinnes. How should they else
Be iust? Or how should that good purpose of
Thy Iustice take effect, by bounding men
Within the confines of humanitie,
When our afflictions doe exceede our crimes?
Then they doe rather teach the barb'rous world
Examples that extend her cruelties
Beyond their owne dimentions; and instruct
Our actions to be more, more barbarous.

O my afflicted ſoule! How torment ſwels
Thy apprehenſion with prophane conceipt,
Againſt the ſacred iuſtice of my God?
Our owne conſtructions are the authors of
Our miſerie. We neuer meaſure our
Conditions but with Men aboue vs in
Eſtate. So while our Spirits labour to
Be higher then our fortunes th'are more baſe.
Since all thoſe attributes which make men ſeeme
Superiour to vs; are Man's Subiects; and
Were made to ſerue him. The repining Man
Is of a ſeruile ſpirit to deiect
The valew of himſelfe below their eſtimation.

Enter Sebaſtian *with the Keeper.*

Seba. Here. Take my ſword. —— How now my wilde Swag'rer? y'are tame enough now; are you not? The penurie of a priſon is like a ſoft conſumption. T'will humble the pride o' your mortalitie; and arme your ſoule in compleate patience to endure the waight of affliction without feeling it. What? Haſt no muſicke in thee? Th'haſt trebles and baſes enough. Treble iniurie; and baſe vſage. But trebles and baſes make poore muſick without *meanes*. Thou want'ſt Meanes; Doeſt? what? Doeſt droope? art deiected?

Charl. No Sir. I haue a heart aboue the reach
Of thy moſt violent maliciouſneſſe.
A fortitude in ſcorne of thy contempt;
(Since Fate is pleas'd to haue me ſuffer it)
That can beare more then thou haſt power t'inflict.
I was a Baron. That thy Father has
Depriu'd me off. In ſtead of that, I am
Created King. I'ue loſt a Signiorie,
That was confin'd within a piece of earth;
A Wart vpon the body of the world.
But now I am an Emp'rour of a world.
This little world of Man. My paſſions are
My Subiects; and I can command them laugh;
Whilſt thou doeſt tickle 'em to death with miſerie.

Seba.

Seba. T'is brauely ſpoken; and I loue thee for't. Thou lieſt here for a thouſand crownes. Here are a thouſand to redeeme thee. Not for the ranſome o'my life thou gau'ſt mee. That I value not at one crowne. T'is none o'my deed. Thanke my Father for't. T'is his goodneſſe. Yet hee lookes not for thankes. For he does it vnder hand; out of a reſeru'd diſpoſition to doe thee good without oſtentation. ——
Out o'great heart you'l refus't now; will you?

Charl. No. Since I muſt ſubmit my ſelfe to Fate; I neuer will neglect the offer of one benefit; but entertaine them as her fauours; and th'inductions to ſome end of better fortune. As whoſe inſtrument; I thanke thy courteſie.

Seba. Well, come along.

Exeunt.

Enter D'amville *and* Caſtabella.

D'am. Daughter you doe not well to vrge me. I
Ha'done no more then Iuſtice. *Charlemont*
Shall die and rot in priſon; and t'is iuſt.

Caſta. O Father! Mercie is an attribute
As high as Iuſtice; an eſſentiall part
Of his vnbounded goodneſſe, whoſe diuine
Impreſſion, forme, and image man ſhould beare.
And (me thinks) Man ſhould loue to imitate
His Mercie; ſince the onely countenance
Of Iuſtice, were deſtruction; if the ſweet
And louing fauour of his mercie did
Not mediate betweene it and our weakeneſſe.

D'am. Forbeare. You will diſpleaſe me. He ſhal rot.

Caſta. Deare Sir! Since by your greatneſſe, you
Are nearer heau'n in place; be nearer it
In goodneſſe. Rich men ſhould tranſcend the poore,
As clouds the earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The Sunne, to water dry and barren grounds.
If neither the impreſſion in your ſoule
Of goodneſſe; nor the dutie of your place,
As goodneſſe ſubſtitute; can moue you: then
Let nature, which in Sauages, in beaſts,

Can

Can stirre to pittie, tell you that hee is
Your kinsman. ——

D'am. You expose your honestie
To strange construction: Why should you so vrge
Release for *Charlemont?* Come, you professe
More nearenesse to him then your modestie
Can answere. You haue tempted my suspition.
I tell thee hee shall starue, and dye, and rot.

Enter Charlemont *and* Sebastian.

Charl. Vncle, I thanke you.

D'am. Much good do it you.—Who did release him?

Seba. I.

Exit Castabella.

D'am. You are a villaine.

Seba. Y'are my Father.

Exit Sebastian.

D'am. I must temporize. ——
Nephew I had not his open freedome made
My disposition knowne; I would ha'borne
The course and inclination of my loue
According to the motion of the Sunne,
Inuisibly inioyed and vnderstood.

Charl. That showes your good works are directed to
No other end then goodnesse. I was rash,
I must confesse. But ——

D'am. I will excuse you.
To lose a Father, and (as you may thinke)
Be disinherited (it must be graunted)
Are motiues to impatience. But for death,
Who can auoide it? And for his estate,
In the vncertaintie of both your liues,
T'was done discreetly, to conferre't vpon
A knowne Successour; being the next in bloud.
And one (deare Nephew) whom in time to come,
You shall haue cause to thanke. I will not be
Your dispossessour, but your Gardian.

I will supply your Fathers vacant place,
To guide your greene improuidence of youth;
And make you ripe for your inheritance.

Charl. Sir, I embrace your gen'rous promises.

Enter Rousard *sicke, and* Castabella.

Rousa. Embracing? I behold the obiect that
Mine eye affects. Deere Cosin *Charlemont.*

D'am. My elder Sonne! He meetes you happily.
For with the hand of our whole family
We enterchange th'indenture of our Loues.

Charl. And I accept it. Yet not ioyfully
Because y'are sicke.

D'am. Sir; His affection's sound,
Though hee be sicke in body.

Rousa. Sicke indeede.
A gen'rall weakenesse did surprise my health
The very day I married *Castabella,*
As if my sicknesse were a punishment,
That did arrest me for some iniurie
I then committed. Credit me (my Loue)
I pittie thy ill fortune to be match'd
With such a weake vnpleasing bedfellow.

Casta. Beleeue me Sir; it neuer troubles me.
I am as much respectlesse to enioy
Such pleasure as ignorant what it is.

Charl. Thy Sexes wonder. Vnhappy *Charlemont.*

D'am. Come, let's to supper. There we will confirme
The eternall bond of our concluded loue.

Exeunt.

Actus quarti Scena prima.

Enter Cataplasma *and* Soquette *with Needle-worke.*

Cataplasma.

COme *Soquette*; your worke! let's examine your worke. What's here? a Medlar with a Plum-tree growing hard by it; The leaues o' the Plum-tree falling off; the gumme issuing out o' the perish'd ioynts; and the branches some of 'em dead, and some rotten; and yet but a young Plum-tree. In good sooth, very prettie.

Soqu. The Plum-tree (forsooth) growes so neare the Medlar, that the Medlar sucks and drawes all the sap from it; and the naturall strength o' the ground; so that it cannot prosper.

Cata. How conceipted you are! But heere th'ast made a Tree to beare no fruit. Why's that?

Soqu. There growes a Sauin-tree next it forsooth.

Cata. Forsooth you are a little too wittie in that.

Enter Sebastian.

Seba. But this Honisuckle windes about this white-thorne very prettily and louingly; sweet Mistresse *Cataplasma.*

Cata. Monsieur *Sebastian!* in good sooth very vprightly welcome this euening.

Seba. What? moralizing vpon this Gentlewomans needle-worke? let's see.

Cata. No Sir. Onely examining whether it be done to the true nature and life o' the thing?

Seba. Heere y'haue set a Medlar with a Batchelers-button o' one side; and a Snaile o' th' tother. The Batchelers-button should haue held his head vp more pertly towards the Medlar;

lar; the Snaile o' th'tother ſide, ſhould ha'beene wrought with an artificiall lazineſſe, doubling his taile, and putting out his horne but halfe the length. And then the Medlar falling (as it were) from the lazie Snaile, and enclining towards the pert Batchelers-button; their branches ſpreading and winding one within another as if they did embrace. But heere's a morall. A poppring Peare-tree growing vpon the banke of a Riuer; ſeeming continually to looke downewards into the water, as if it were enamour'd of it; and euer as the fruit ripens, lets it fall for loue (as it were) into her lap. Which the wanton Streame, like a Strumpet, no ſooner receiues, but ſhe carries it away, and beſtowes it vpon ſome other creature ſhe maintaines: ſtill ſeeming to play and dally vnder the Poppring, ſo long, that it has almoſt waſh'd away the earth from the roote; and now the poore Tree ſtands as if it were readie to fall and periſh by that whereon it ſpent all the ſubſtance it had.

Cata. Morall for you that loue thoſe wanton running waters.

Seba. But is not my Lady *Lenidulcia* come yet?

Cata. Her purpoſe promis'd ya her companie ere this. *Lirio!* your Lute and your Booke.

Seba. Well ſaid. A leſſon o'th'Lute to entertaine the time with till ſhe comes.

Cata. Sol, fa, mi, la. —— Mi, mi mi. —— Precious! Doeſt not ſee *mi* betweene the two Crochets? Strike mee full there. —— So —— forward. —— This is a ſweet ſtraine, and thou finger'ſt it beaſtly. *Mi* is a lacrg there, and the prick that ſtands before *mi*, a long; alwaies halfe your note. —— Now —— Runne your diuiſion pleaſingly with thoſe quauers. Obſerue all your graces i'the touch. —— Heere's a ſweet cloze —— ſtrike it full, it ſets off your muſicke delicately.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe *and* Leuidulcia.

Lang. Puritie be in this Houſe.

Cata. 'Tis now enter'd; and welcome with your good Ladiſhip.

Seba. Ceaſe that muſicke. Here's a ſweeter inſtrument.

Lauid. Reſtraine your libertie. See you not *Snuffe*?

Seba. What does the Stinkard here? put *Snuffe* out. He's offenſiue.

Lauid. No. The credit of his companie defends my being abroad from the eye of Suſpition.

Cata. Wil't pleaſe your Ladiſhip goe vp into the Cloſet? There are thoſe Falles and Tyres I tolde you of.

Lauid. Monſieur *Snuffe*, I ſhall requeſt your patience. My ſtay will not be long. *Exit cum Sebaſt.*

Lang. My duty Madame. —— Falles and Tyres? I begin to ſuſpect what Falles and Tyres you meane. My Lady and *Sebaſtian* the Fall and the Tyre, and I the Shadow. I perceiue the purieie of my conuerſation is vs'd but for a properie to couer the vncleanenelle of their purpoſes. The very contemplation o' the thing, makes the ſpirit of the fleſh begin to wriggle in my bloud. And heere my deſire has met with an obiect alreadie. This Gentlewoman (me thinkes) ſhould be ſwayed with the motion, liuing in a houſe where mouing example is ſo common. Temptation has preuail'd ouer mee; and I will attempt to make it ouercome her. —— Miſtreſſe *Cataplaſma*! My Lady (it ſeemes) has ſome buſineſſe that requires her ſtay. The faireneſſe o' the euening inuites me into the ayre; will it pleaſe you giue this Gentlewoman leaue to leaue her worke, and walke a turne or two with me for honeſt recreation?

Cata. With all my heart Sir. Goe *Soquette*; giue care to his inſtructions; you may get vnderſtanding by his companie I can tell you.

Lang. In the way of holineſſe; Miſtreſſe *Cataplaſma*.

Cata. Good Monſieur *Snuffe*! —— I will attend your returne. ——

Lang. Your hand Gentlewoman. ——

The fleſh is humble till the Spirit moue it;
But when t'is rais'd it will command aboue it. *Exeunt.*

Enter D'amville, Charlemont, *and* Borachio.

D'am. Your ſadneſſe and the ſickneſſe of my Sonne,
Haue made our company and conference

Leſſe

Leſſe free and pleaſing then I purpos'd it.

Char. Sir; for the preſent I am much vnfit
For conuerſation or ſocietie.
With pardon I will rudely take my leaue.

D'am. Good night; deere Nephew, *Exit Charlemont.*
Seeſt thou that ſame man?

Bora. Your meaning Sir?

D'am. That fellowes life *Borabie,*
Like a ſuperfluous Leuer in the law,
Endangers our aſſurance.

Bora. Scrape him out.

D'am. Wut doe't?

Bora. Giue me your purpoſe I will doe't.

D'am. Sad melancholy has drawne *Charlemont,*
With meditation on his Fathers death,
Into the ſolitarie walke behind the Church.

Bora. The Churchyard? This the fitteſt place for death,
Perhaps he's praying. Then he's fit to die,
We'll ſend him charitably to his graue.

D'am. No matter how thou tak'ſt him. First take this. —
Thou knoweſt the place. Obſerue his paſſages; *Piſtoll.*
And with the moſt aduantage make a hand;
That fauour'd by the darkneſſe of the night,
His breſt may fall vpon thee at ſo neare
A diſtance, that he ſha'not ſhunne the blow.
The deede once done, thou mai'ſt retire with ſafety.
The place is vnfrequented, and his death
Will be imputed to th'attempt of theeues.

Bora. Be careleſſe. Let your mind be free and cleare.
This Piſtoll ſhall diſcharge you of your feare. *Exit.*

D'am. But let me call my projects to accompt,
For what effect and end I haue engag'd
My ſelfe in all this bloud? To leaue a ſtate
To the ſucceſſion of my proper bloud.
But how ſhall that ſucceſſion be continued?
Not in my elder Sonne, I feare; Diſeaſe

And weakeneſſe haue diſabled him for iſſue.
For th' tother, his looſe humour will endure
No bond of marriage. And I doubt his life,
His ſpirit is ſo boldly dangerous.
O pittie that the profitable end,
Of ſuch a prodigious murther ſhould be loſt!
Nature forbid. I hope I haue a body,
That will not ſuffer me to looſe my labour,
For want of iſſue, yet. But then't muſt be
A Baſtard. —— Tuſh, they onely father baſtards,
That father other mens begettings. Daughter!
Be it mine owne; let it come whence it will.
I am reſolu'd. Daughter! —— *Enter* Seruant.

Serv. My Lord.

D'am. I prithee call my Daughter.

—— *Enter* Caſta.

Caſta. Your pleaſure Sir.

D'am. Is thy Husband i'bed?

Caſta. Yes my Lord.

D'am. The euening's faire. I prithee walke a turne or two.

Caſta. Come *Iaſper*!

D'am. No.
Wee'l walke but to the corner o' the Church;
And I haue ſomething to ſpeake priuately.

Caſta. No matter, Seaſ. —— *Exit* Seruant.

D'am. This falles out happily. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Charlemont, Borachio *dogging him in the Churchyard.*
The Clocke ſtrikes twelue.

Charl. Twelue.

Bora. 'Tis a good houre, 'twill ſtrike one anon.

Charl. How fit a place for contemplation is this dead of night, among the dwellings of the dead. —— This graue. —— Perhappes th'inhabitant vvas in his life time the poſſeſſour of his owne deſires. Yet in the midd'ſt of all his greatneſſe and his wealth; he was leſſe rich and leſſe contented, then in

this poore piece of earth, lower and lesser then a Cottage. For heere he neither wants nor cares. Now that his body sauours of corruption; Hee enioyes a sweeter rest then e'er hee did amongst the sweetest pleasures of this life. For heere, there's nothing troubles him. —— And there. —— In that graue lies another. He (perhaps) was in his life as full of miserie as this of happinesse. And here's an end of both. Now both their states are equall. O that Man, with so much labour should aspire to worldly height: when in the humble earth, the world's condition's at the best! Or scorne inferiour men; since to be lower then a worme, is to be higher then a King!

Bora. Then fall and rise.

—— Discharges. —— Gives false fire.

Charl. What villaines hand was that? saue thee or thou shalt perish.

They fight.

Bora. Zownes vnsau'd I thinke. —— *Fall.*

Charl. What? Haue I kill'd him? whatsoe'er thou beest I would thy hand had prosper'd. For I was vnfit to liue, and well prepar'd to die. What shall I doe? accuse my selfe. Submit me to the law, and that will quickly end this violent encrease of miserie. But t'is a murther to be accessarie to mine owne death, I will not. I will take this opportunitie to scape. It may be Heau'n reserues me to some better end.

Exit Charlemont.

Enter Snuffe *and* Soquette *into the Churchyard.*

Soqu. Nay good Sir; I dare not. In good sooth I come of a generation both by Father and Mother, that were all as fruitfull as Costard-mongers wiues.

Snu. Tush then, a Timpanie is the greatest danger can be fear'd. Their fruitfulnesse turnes but to a certaine kind of flegmatique windie disease.

Soqu. I must put my vnderstanding to your trust Sir. I would be loath to be deceiu'd.

Snu. No, conceiue; thou shat not. Yet thou shalt profit by my instruction too. My bodie is not euery day drawne dry wench.

Soqu.

Soqu. Yet mee thinkes Sir, your want of vse should rather make your body like a Well, the lesse 'tis drawne, the sooner it growes dry.

Snu. Thou shalt try that instantly.

Soqu. But we want place and opportunity.

Snu. We haue both. This is the backe side of the House which the superstitious call Saint *Winifred's* Church, and is verily a conuenient vnfrequented place. —— Where vnder the close Curraines of the night,

Soqu. You purpose t'the darke to make me light.

Pulles out a sheete, a haire, and a beard.

But what ha' you there?

Snu. This disguise is for securitie sake wench. There's a talke thou know'st, that the Ghoast of olde *Mon ferrers* walks. In this Church he was buried. Now if any stranger fall vpon vs before our businesse be ended, in this disguise I shall be taken for that Ghoast, and neuer be called to examination I warrant thee. Thus wee shall scape both preuention and discouerie. How doe I looke in this habite wench?

Soq. So like a Ghoast, that notwithstanding I haue som foreknowledge of you, you make my haire stand almost an end.

Snu. I will try how I can kisse in this beard. —— O fie, fie, fie, I will put it off, and then kisse: and then put it on. I can doe the rest without kissing.

Enter Charlemont *doubtfully with his sword drawne, is vpon them before they are ware. They runne out diuers waies, and leaue the disguise.*

Charl. What ha' wee heere? a Sheete? a haire? a beard? What end was this disguise intended for? No matter what. I'le not expostulate the purpose of a friendly accident. Perhaps it may accommodate my scape. —— I feare I am pursued. For more assurance, I'le hide mee heere i'th Charnell house: this conuocation-house of dead mens sculles. ——

To get into the Charnell house, he takes holde of a Death's head; it slips and staggers him.

Death's head! deceiu'st my hold? Such is the truste to all mortalitie. —— *Hides himselfe in the Charnell house.*

Enter

Enter D'amville *and* Castabella.

Casta. My Lord! The night growes lage. Your Lordship spake of something you desir'd to moue in priuate.

D'am. Yes. Now I'le speake it. Th'argument is loue. The smallest ornaments of thy sweet forme (that abstract of all pleasure) can command the sences into passion; and thy entire perfection is my object; yet I loue thee with the freedome of my reason. I can giue thee reason for my loue.

Casta. Loue me; my Lord? I doe beleeue it, for I am the wife of him you loue.

D'am. 'Tis true. By my perswasion thou wert forc'd to marrie one, vnable to performe the office of a Husband. I was author of the wrong. My conscience suffers vnder't; and I would disburthen it by satisfaction.

Casta. How?

D'am. I will supply that pleasure to thee which he cannot.

Casta. Are y'a diuell or a man?

D'am. A man; and such a man, as can returne thy entertainment with as prodigall a body, as the couetous desire of woman euer was delighted with. So, that besides the full performance of thy empty Husbands dutie; thou shalt haue the ioy of children to continue the succession of thy bloud. For the appetite that steales her pleasure; drawes the forces of the body to an vnited strength; and puts 'em altogether into action; neuer failes of procreation. All the purposes of Man aime but at one of these two ends; pleasure or profit: And in this one sweet coniunction of our loues, they both will meete. Would it not grieue thee, that a Stranger to thy bloud, should lay the first foundation of his house vpon the ruines of thy family?

Casta. Now Heau'n defend me! May my memorie be vtterly extinguish'd; and the heire of him that was my Fathers enemie, raise his eternall monument vpon our ruines; ere the greatest pleasure or the greatest profit, euer tempt me to continue it by incest.

D'am. Incest? Tush. These distances affinitie obserues; are articles of bondage cast vpon our freedomes by our owne subiections. Nature allowes a gen'rall libertie of generation to all

creatures elſe. Shall Man to whoſe command and vſe all creatures were made ſubiect be leſſe free then they?

Caſta. O God! is thy vnlimited and infinite omnipotence leſſe free becauſe thou doeſt no ill? or if you argue meerely out of Nature; doe you not degenerate from that; and are you not vnworthie the prerogatiue of Natures Maiſter-piece, when baſely you preſcribe your ſelfe authoritie and law from their examples whom you ſhould command? I could confute you; but the horrour of the argument confounds my vnderſtanding. —— Sir, I know, you doe but try me in your Sonnes behalfe; ſuſpecting that my ſtrength and youth of bloud cannot containe themſelues with impotence. —— Beleeue me (Sir) I neuer wrong'd him. If it be your luſt; O quench it on their proſtituted fleſh, whoſe trade of ſinne can pleaſe deſire with more delight, and leſſe offence. —— The poyſon of your breath, euaporated from ſo foule a ſoule; infects the ayre more then the dampes that riſe from bodies but halfe rotten in their graues.

D'am. Kiſſe me. I warrant thee my breath is ſweet. Theſe dead mens bones lie heere of purpoſe to inuite vs to ſupply the number of the liuing. Come; we'l get young bones and doe't. I will enioy thee. No? Nay then inuoke your great ſuppos'd protectour; I will doe't.

Caſta. Suppos'd protectour? Are y'an Atheiſt? Then, I know my prayers and teares are ſpent in vaine. O patient Heau'n! Why doeſt thou not expreſſe thy wrath in thunderbolts; to teare the frame of man in pieces? How can earth endure the burthen of this wickedneſſe without an earthquake? Or the angry face of Heau'n be not enflam'd with lightning.

D'am. Coniure vp the Diuell and his Dam; Crie to the graues; the dead can heare thee; inuocate their helpe.

Caſta. O would this graue might open, and my body were bound to the dead carkaſſe of a man for euer, e're it entertaine the luſt of this deteſted villaine.

D'am. Tereus-like, thus I will force my paſſage to——

Charl. The Diuell.

Charle-

Charlemont rises in the disguise and frights Damville *away.*
Now Lady I with the hand of *Charlemont* thus redeeme you from the arme of lust. —— My *Castabella!*

Casta. My deare *Charlemont!*

Charl. For all my wrongs I thanke thee gracious Heau'n; th'ast made me satisfaction; to reserue me for this blessed purpose. Now sweet Death, I'le bid thee welcome. Come. I'le guard thee home; and then I'le cast my selfe into the armes of apprehension, that the law may make this worthie worke, the crowne of all my actions being the best and last.

Casta. The last? The law? Now Heau'n forbid! what ha'you done?

Charl. Why, I haue kill'd a man; not murder'd him, my *Castabella*; He would ha'murder'd me.

Casta. Then *Charlemont*; the hand of Heau'n directed thy defence.
That wicked Athiest, I suspect his plot.

Charl. My life he seekes. I would he had it since he has depriu'd mee of those blessings that should make mee loue it; Come; I'le giue it him.

Casta. You sha'not. I will first expose my selfe to certaine danger, then for my defence destroy the man that sau'd mee from destruction.

Charl. Thou canst not satisfie me better, then to be the instrument of my release from miserie.

Casta. Then worke it by escape. Leaue mee to this protection that still guards the innocent; Or I will be a partner in your destinie.

Charl. My soule is heaute, Come; lie downe to rest;
These are the pillowes whereon men sleepe best.

They lie downe with either of them a Death's head for a pillow.

Enter Snuffe *seeking* Soquette.

Snu. *Soquette! Soquette! Soquette!* O art thou there? ——

He mistakes the body of Borachio *for* Soquette.

Verily thou lyest in a fine premiditate readinesse for the purpose. Come kisse me sweet *Soquette.* —— Now purtie defend me from the sinne of Sodom. —— This is a creature of the

masculine gender. —— Verily the Man is blasted. —— Yea? cold and stiffe? —— Murder, murder, murder.

Exit.

Enter D'amville *distractedly; starts at the sight of a Death's head.*

D'am. Why doest thou stare vpon me? Thou art not the scull of him I murder'd. What hast thou to doe to vexe my conscience? Sure thou wert the head of a most dogged Vsurer, th'art so vncharitable. And that Bawde, the skie, there; she could shut the windowes and the dores of this great chamber of the world; and draw the curtaines of the clouds betweene those lights and me about this bed of earth, when that same Stumpet Murder & my selfe committed sin together. Then she could leaue vs i'the darke, till the close deed was done: But now, that I begin to feele the loathsome horrour of my sinne; and (like a Leacher emptied of his lust) desire to burie my face vnder my eye-browes, and would steale from my shame vnseene; she meetes me i'the face with all her light corrupted eyes, to challenge payment o' mee. —— O beholde. Yonder's the Ghoast of olde *Montferrers* in a long white sheete, climbing yond' loftie mountaine to complaine to Heau'n of me. —— *Montferrers!* 'pox o' fearefulnesse. T'is nothing but a faire white cloude. Why? was I borne a coward? He lies that sayes so. Yet the countenance of a bloudlesse worme might ha' the courage now to turne my bloud to water. The trembling motion of an Aspen leafe, would make me like the shadow of that leafe, lie shaking vnder't. I could now commit a murder, were it but to drinke the fresh warme bloud of him I murder'd; to supply the want and weakenesse o' mine owne; t'is growne so colde and flegmaticke.

Lung. Murder, murder, murder. —— *Within.*

D'am. Mountaines o'erwhelme mee, the Ghoast of olde *Montferrers* haunts me.

Lung. Murder, murder, murder.

D'am. O were my body circumuolu'd within that cloude; that when the thunder teares his passage open, it might scatter me to nothing in the ayre!

Enter.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe *with the Watch.*

Lang. Here you shall finde the murder'd body.

D'am. Black Beelzebub, and all his hell-hounds come to apprehend me?

Lang. No my good Lord. Wee come to apprehend the murderer. The Ghoast (great *Pluto*) was a foole; vnfit to be imployed in any serious businesse for the state of hell. Why? could not he ha' suffer'd me to raise the mountaine o'my sinnes with one as damnable as all the rest; and then ha' tumbled me to ruine? But apprehend me e'en betweene the purpose and the act? before it was committed?

Watch. Is this the murderer? He speakes suspitiously.

Lang. No verily. This is my Lord *D'amville.* And his distraction (I thinke) growes out of his griefe for the losse of a faithfull seruant. For surely I take him to be *Borachio* that is slaine.

D'am. Haah! *Borachio* slaine? Thou look'st like *Snuffe*, doest not.

Lang. Yes in sincerity my Lord.

D'am. Harke thee? —— Sawest thou not a Ghoast?

Lang. A Ghoast? where my Lord? —— I smell a Foxe.

D'am. Heere i'the Churchyard.

Lang. Tush, tush; their walking spirits are meere imaginarie fables. There's no such thing in *rerum natura.* Heere is a man slaine. And with the Spirit of consideration, I rather think him to be the murderer got into that disguise, then any such phantastique toy.

D'am. My braines begin to put themselues in order. I apprehend thee now. —— T'is e'en so. —— *Borachio!* I will search the Center but I'le finde the murderer.

Watch. Heere, heere, heere. ——

D'am. Stay. A sleepe? so soundly? and so sweetly vpon Deathes Heads? and in a place so full of feare and horrour? Sure there is some other happinesse within the freedome of the conscience, then my knowledge e'er attain'd too. —— Ho, ho, ho!

Charl. Y'are welcome Vncle. Had you sooner come,

You had beene ſooner welcome. I'm the Man,
You ſeeke. You ha'not neede examine me.
Da'm. My Nephew! and my Daughter! O my deare
Lamented bloud! what Fate has caſt you thus
Vnhappily vpon this accident?
Charl. You know Sir, ſhe's as cleare as Chaſtitie.
D'am. As her owne chaſtitie. The time; the place;
All circumſtances argue that vncleare.
Caſta. Sir, I confeſſe it; and repentantly
Will vndergoe the ſelfe ſame punishment,
That Iuſtice ſhall inflict on *Charlemont.*
Charl. Vniuſtly ſhe betrayes her innocence.
Watch. But Sir, ſhe's taken with you; and ſhe muſt
To priſon with you.
D'am. There's no remedie.
Yet were it not my Sonnes bed ſhe abus'd;
My hand ſhould flie but both ſhould be excus'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Belforeſt *and a* Seruant.

Belfo. Is not my wife come in yet?
Serv. No my Lord.
Belfo. Me thinks ſhe's very affectedly enclin'd,
To young *Sebaſtian's* company o'late.
But iealouſie is ſuch a torment, that
I am afraid to entertaine it. Yet
The more I ſhunne by circumſtance to meete
Directly with it; the more ground I finde
To circumuent my apprehenſion. Firſt,
I know ſh'as a perpetuall appetite;
Which being ſo oft encounter'd with a man
Of ſuch a bold luxurious freedome, as
Sebaſtian is; and of ſo promiſing
A body: her owne bloud, corrupted, will
Betray her to temptation. ——

Enter Friſco *cloſely.*

Friſ. Precious! I was ſent by his Lady to ſee if her Lord were in bed; I ſhould ha'done't ſlily without diſcouery; and now I am blurted vpon 'em before I was aware. ——*Exit.*

Belfo.

Belfo. Know not you the Gentlewoman my wife brought home?

Serv. By sight my Lord. Her man was here but now.

Belfo. Her man? I pr'ithee runne and call him quickly.—— This villaine. I suspect him euer since I found him hid behind the Tapestry. —— *Frisco!* th'art welcome *Frisco.* —— Leaue vs. Doest heare *Frisco!* is not my wife at thy Mistresses?

Frisco. I know not my Lord.

Belfo. I prithee tell me *Frisco*; we are priuate; tell me. Is not thy Mistresse a good wench?

Fris. How meanes your Lordship that? A wench o'the trade.

Belf. Yes faith *Frisco*, e'en a wench o'the trade.

Fris. O no my Lord. Those falling diseases cause baldnesse, and my Mistresse recouers the losse of haire, for she is a Periwig-maker.

Belfo. And nothing else?

Frisc. Sels Falls and Tyres, and Bodies for Ladies: or so.

Belfo. So Sir: and she helpes my Lady to falles and bodies now and then; doe's she not?

Frisc. At her Ladiships pleasure; my Lord.

Belfo. Her pleasure; you Rogue? you are the Pandar to her pleasure you Varlet, are you not? you know the conueyances betweene *Sebastian* and my wife. Tell me the truth; or by this hand I'le naile thy bosome to the earth. Stirre not you Dogge; but quickly tell the truth.

Frisco. O yes! —— *Speake like a Crier.*

Belfo. Is not thy Mistresse a Bawde to my wife?

Frisco. O yes!

Belfo. And acquainted with her trickes, and her plots, and her deuises.

Frisco. O yes! If any man, 'Court, Citie or Countrey, has found my Lady *Lenidulcia* in bed, but my Lord *Beliureſt*, it is *Sebastian*.

Belfo. What doest thou proclaime it? Doest thou crie it thou villaine?

Frisco. Can you laugh it my Lord? I thought you meant to proclaime your selfe Cuckold.

Enter

Enter the Watch.

Belfo. The Watch? Met with my wish. I must request the assistance of your offices. Frisco *runnes away.* S'death; stay that villaine; pursue him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Snuffe *importuning* Soquette.

Soqu. Nay, if you get me any more into the Churchyard.

Snu. Why *Soquette?* I never got thee there yet.

Soqu. Got me there? No. Not with childe.

Snu. I promis'd thee I would not; and I was as good as my word.

Soqu. Yet your word was better then than your deede. But, steale vp into the little mated chamber o'the left hand.

Snu. I prithee let it be the right hand; thou left'st me before and I did not like that.

Soqu. 'Precious quickly; So soone as my *Mistresse* shall be in bed I'le come to you. *Exit* Snuffe.

Enter Sebastian, Letitia *and* Cataplasma.

Cata. I wonder *Frisco* stayes so long.

Seba. Mistresse *Soquette*, a word with you. *Whisper.*

Leti. If he brings word my Husband is a bed; I will aduenture one nights liberty to lie abroad. My strange affection to this Man! 'Tis like that naturall sympathie which e'en among the senceles creatures of the earth, commands a mutuall inclination and consent: For though it seemes to be the free effect of mine owne voluntarie loue; yet I can neither restraine it, nor giue reason for't. But now 'tis done; and in your power it lies to saue my honour; or dishonour me.

Cata. Enioy your pleasure (Madame) without feare. I neuer will betray the trust you haue committed to me. And you wrong your selfe, to let consideration of the sinne; molest your conscience. Me thinkes 't'a vniust, that a reproach should be inflicted on a woman for offending but with one; when 't'is a light offence in Husbands to commit with many.

Leti. So it seemes to me. Why how now *Sebastian?* making loue to that Gentlewoman? How many mistresses ha' you i'faith?

Seba. In faith; none. For I think none of 'em are faithfull, but

but otherwise, as many as cleane Shirts. The loue of a woman is like a Mushrom; it growes in one night, and will serue somwhat pleasingly, 'next morning to breakfast: but afterwards waxes fulsome and vnwholesome.

Cata. Nay by Saint *Winifred*; a woman's loue lasts as long as Winter fruit.

Seba. T'is true. Till new come in. By my experience no longer. —— *Enter* Frisco *running.*

Frisco. Some bodie's doing has vndone vs; and we are like pay dearely for't.

Sebast. Pay deare? for what?

Frisco. Wil't not be a chargeable reckoning, thinke you; when heereare halfe a dozen fellowes comming to call vs to accompt, with eu'rie man a seuerall bill in his hand, that wee are not able to discharge.

—— *Knocke at the doore.*

Cata. Passion o' me. What bouncing's that? Madame! withdraw your selfe.

Lenid. Sebastian if you loue me, saue my honour.

—— *Exeunt.*

Seba. What violence is this? What seeke you? Zownes! you shall not passe.

Enter Belforest *and the Watch.*

Belfo. Pursue the Strumpet. Villaine giue mee way; or I will make my passage through thy bloud.

Seba. My bloud will make it slipperie my Lord. T'were better you would take another way. You may hap fall else.

They fight. Both slaine. Sebastian *falles first.*

Seba. I ha't ifaith. —— *Dies.*

Whole Belforest *is staggering, enter* Leuidulcia.

Lenid. O God! my Husband! my *Sebastian!* Husband! Neither can speake; yet both report my shame. Is this the sauing of my Honour? when their bloud runnes out in riuers; and my lust the fountaine whence it flowes? Deare Husband! let not thy departed spirit be displeas'd, if with adulterate lips I kisse thy cheeke. Heere I behold the hatefulnesse of lust; which brings me kneeling to embrace him dead, whose body

liuing I did loathe to touch. Now I can weepe. But what can teares doe good; when I weepe onely water, they weepe blood? But could I make an Ocean with my teares; that on the floud this broken vessell of my body, laden heauie with light lust might suffer shipwrack, and so drowne my shame: then weeping were to purpose; but alas! The Sea wants water enough to wash away the foulenesse of my name. O! in their wounds; I feele my honour wounded to the death. Shall I out-liue my Honour? Must my life be made the worlds example? Since it must; then thus in detestation of my deede; to make th'example moue more forceably to vertue; thus, I seale it with a death as full of horrour as my life of sinne.

——— *Stabs her selfe.*

Enter the Watch with Caraplasma, Frisco, Snuffe, *and* Soquette.

Watch. Hold Madame! Lord what a strange night is this.

Snuffe. May not *Snuffe* be suffer'd to goe out of himselfe?

Watch. Nor you; nor any. All must goe with vs.
O with what vertue lust should be withstood!
Since t'is a fire quench'd seldome without bloud.

——— *Exeunt.*

Actus quinti Scena prima.

Musicke. A Closet discouer'd. A Seruant sleeping with lights and money before him.

Enter D'amville.

D'amville.

WHat sleep'st thou?

Serv. No my Lord. Nor sleepe; nor wake:
But in a slumber troublesome to both.

D'am. Whence comes this gold?

Serv. 'Tis part of the Reuenew,
Due to your Lordship since your brothers death.

D'am.

D'am. To bed. Leaue me my gold.
Serv. And me my rest.
Two things wherewith one man is seldome blest. —— *Exit.*
D'am. Cease that harsh musicke. W'are not pleas'd with it.
He handles the gold.
Heere sounds a musicke whose melodious touch,
Like Angels voices rauishes the sence.
Behold thou ignorant Astronomer,
Whose wandring speculation seekes among
The planets for mens fortunes! with amazement,
Behold thine errour and be planet-strucke.
These are the Starres whose operations make
The fortunes and the destinies of men.
Yond' lesser eyes of Heau'n, (like Subiects rais'd
Into their loftie houses, when their Prince
Rides vnderneath th'ambition of their loues)
Are mounted onely to behold the face,
Of your more rich imperious eminence,
With vnpreuented sight. Vnmaske faire Queene; *Vnpurses the gold.*
Vouchsafe their expectations may enioy,
The gracious fauour they admire to see,
These are the Starres the Ministers of Fate;
And Mans high wisedome the superiour power,
To which their forces are subordinate. —— *Sleepes.*
Enter the Ghoast of Montferrers.
Mont. *D'amville!* With all thy wisedome th'art a foole.
Not like those fooles that we terme innocents;
But a most wretched miserable foole.
Which instantly; to the confusion of
Thy proiects with despaire thou shalt behold.
—— *Exit Ghoast.*
D'amville *starts vp.*
D'am. What foolish dreame dares interrupt my rest?
To my confusion? How can that be? Since
My purposes haue hitherto beene borne
With prosp'rous Iudgement to secure successe.
Which nothing liues to dispossesse me off,

But apprehended *Charlemont*. And him,
This braine has made the happy instrument
To free Suspition; to annihilate
All interest and title of his owne;
To seale vp my assurance; and confirme
My absolute possession by the law.
Thus while the simple honest worshipper
Of a phantastique prouidence; groanes vnder
The burthen of neglected miserie;
My reall wisedome has rais'd vp a State,
That shall eternize my posteritie.

Enter Seruants *with the body of* Sebastian.

What's that?

Seru. The body of your younger Sonne slaine by the Lord *Belforest*.

D'am. Slaine? you lie. —— *Sebastian*. Speake, *Sebastian*! H'as lost his hearing. A Phisitian presently. Goe call a Surgeon.

Rouſa. Ooh. —— *Within.*

D'am. What groane was that? How does my elder Sonne? the sound came from his chamber.

Serua. He went sicke to bed my Lord.

Rouſa. Ooh. —— *Within.*

D'am. The cries of Mandrakes neuer touch'd the eare,
With more sad horrour then that voice does mine.

Enter a Seruant running.

Serua. If euer you will see your Sonne aliue. ——

D'am. Nature forbid I e'er should see him dead.

A Bed drawne forth with Rouſard.

Withdraw the Curtaines. O how does my Sonne?

Serua. Me thinkes, he's ready to giue vp the ghoast.

D'am. Destruction take thee and thy fatall tongue. Death, where's the Doctor? —— Art not thou the face of that prodigious apparition star'd vpon me in my dreame?

Serua. The Doctor's come my Lord.

—— *Enter Doctor.*

D'am. Doctor! Behold two Patients, in whose cure thy skill

skill may purchase an eternall fame. If thou hast any reading in *Hipocrates*, *Galen*, or *Auicen*; if hearbs, or drugges, or mineralles haue any power to saue; Now let thy practise and their soueraigne vse, raise thee to wealth and honour.

Doctor. If any roote of life remaines within 'em capable of Phisicke; feare 'em not, my Lord.

Rusa. Ooh.

D'am. His gasping sighes are like the falling noise of some great building when the ground-worke breakes. On these two pillars stood the stately frame, and architecture of my lofty house. An Earthquake shakes 'em. The foundation shrinkes. Deare Nature! in whose honour I haue rais'd a worke of glory to posteritie; O burie not the pride of that great action, vnder the fall and ruine of it selfe.

Doctor. My Lord. These bodies are depriu'd of all the radicall abilitie of Nature. The heat of life is vtterly extinguish'd. Nothing remaines within the power of man that can restore them.

D'am. Take this gold; extract the Spirit of it, and inspire new life into their bodies.

Docto. Nothing can my Lord.

D'am. You ha'not yet examin'd the true state and constitution of their bodies. Sure, you ha'not. I'le reserue their waters till the morning. Questionlesse, their vrines will informe you better.

Docto. Ha, ha, ha.

D'am. Do'st laugh thou villaine? must my wisedome that has beene the obiect of mens admiration, now become the subiect of thy laughter?

Rusa. Ooh. ——*Dies.*

All. Hee's dead.

D'am. O there expires the date of my posteritie! Can Nature be so simple or malicious to destroy the reputation of her proper memorie? Shee cannot: Sure there is some power aboue her that controules her force.

Doctor. A power aboue Nature? Doubt you that my Lord? Consider but whence Man receiues his body and his forme.

Not from corruption like some wormes and Flies; but onely from the generation of a man. For Nature neuer did bring forth a man without a Man: Nor could the first Man being but the passiue Subiect not the actiue Mouer, be the maker of himselfe; So of necessitie there must be a Superiour power to Nature.

D'am. Now to my selfe I am ridiculous. Nature thou art a Traytour to my soule. Thou hast abus'd my trust. I will complaine to a superiour Court, to right my wrong. I'le proue thee a forger of false assurances. In yond' Starre chamber thou shalt answere it. Withdraw the bodies. O the sence of death begins to trouble my distracted soule. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Iudges and Officers.

1. *Iudg.* Bring forth the malefactors to the Barre.

Enter Cataplasma, Soquette *and* Frisco.

Are you the Gentlewoman in whose house
The murders were committed?

Catap. Yes my Lord.

1. *Iud.* That worthie attribute of Gentrie, which
Your habite drawes from ignorant respect;
Your name deserues not: nor your selfe the name
Of woman. Since you are the poyson that
Infects the honour of all womanhood.

Catap. My Lord; I am a Gentlewoman: yet I must confesse my pouertie compels my life to a condition lower then my birth or breeding.

2. *Iudg.* Tush we know your birth.

1. *Iudg.* But vnder colour to professe the Sale
Of Tyres and toyes for Gentlewomens pride;
You draw a frequentation of mens wiues
To your licentious house; and there abuse
Their Husbands. ——

Frisco. Good my Lord her rent is great. The good Gentlewoman has no other thing to liue by but her lodgings: So, she's forc'd to let her fore-roomes out to others, and her selfe contented to lie backwards.

2. *Iudg.* So.

1. *Iudg.*

1. *Iudg.* Heere is no euidence accuses you,
For accessaries to the murder; yet
Since from the Spring of lust which you preserv'd,
And nourish'd, ranne th'effusion of that bloud:
Your punishment shall come as neare to death,
As life can beare it. Law cannot inflict
Too much seueritie vpon the cause
Of such abhor'd effects.

2. *Iudg.* Receiue your sentence.
Your goods (since they were gotten by that meanes,
Which brings diseases,) shall be turn'd to th'vse
Of Hospitalles. You carted through the Streetes,
According to the common shame of Strumpets,
Your bodies whip'd till with the losse of bloud,
You faint vnder the hand of punishment.
Then that the necessarie force of want,
May not prouoke you to your former life;
You shall be set to painefull labour; whose
Penurious gaines shall onely giue you foode
To hold vp Nature; mortifie your flesh:
And make you fit for a repentant end.

All. O good my Lord!

1. *Iud.* No more; away with 'em.

——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Languebeau Snuffe.

1. *Iudg.* Now Monsieur *Snuffe*! A man of your profession,
found in a place of such impietie?

Snuffe. I grant you. The place is full of impuritie. So much
the more neede of instruction and reformation. The purpose
that caried me thither, was with the Spirit of conuersion to pu-
rifie their vncleanenesse; and I hope your Lordship will say,
the law cannot take hold o' me for that.

1. *Iudg.* No Sir; it cannot: but yet giue me leaue
To tell you, that I hold your warie answere,
Rather premeditated for excuse,
Then spoken out of a religious purpose.

Where:

Where tooke you your degrees of Schollership?

Snuffe. I am no Scholler my Lord. To speake the sincere truth, I am *Snuffe* the Tallow-Chandler.

2. *Iudg.* How comes your habite to be alter'd thus?

Snuffe. My Lord *Bellwood* taking a delight in the cleanenesse of my conuersation; withdrew me from that vncleane life, and put me in a garment fit for his societie and my present profession.

1. *Iudg.* His Lordship did but paint a rotten post;
Or couer foulenesse fairely. Monsieur *Snuffe*
Backe to your candle-making. You may giue
The world more light with that, then either with
Instruction or th'example of your life.

Snuffe. Thus the *Snuffe* is put out.

——— *Exit* Snuffe.

Enter D'amville *distractedly with the heeles of his two Sonnes borne after him.*

D'am. Iudgement: Iudgement.

2. *Iud.* Iudgement my Lord? in what?

D'am. Your Iudgements must resolue me in a case. Bring in the bodies. Nay; I will ha't tried. This is the case my Lord. My prouidence, cu'n in a moment; by the onely hurt of one, or two, or three, at most: and those put quickly out o' paine too, marke mee; I had wisely rais'd a competent estate to my posteritie. And is there not more wisedome and more charity in that, than for your Lordship, or your Father, or your Grandsire, to prolong the torment, and the rack of rent from age to age, vpon your poore penurious Tenants? yet (perhaps) without a pennie profit to your heire. Is't not more wise? more charitable? Speake.

1. *Ind.* He is distracted.

D'am. How? distracted? Then you haue no Iudgement. I can giue you sence and solide reason for the very least distinguishable syllable I speake. Since my thrift was more charitable, more iudicious then your Grandsires, why, I would faine know why your Lordship liues to make a fourth generation from your

your Father; and the whole frie of my posteritie extinguish'd in a moment. Not a Brat left to succeede me. —— I would faine know that.

2. *Iudg.* Griefe for his children's death distempers him.

1. *Iudg.* My Lord, we will resolue you of your question. In the meane time vouchsafe your place with vs.

D'am. I am contented, so you will resolue me. —— *Ascends.*

Enter Charlemont *and* Castabella.

2. *Iudg.* Now Monsieur *Charlemont*. You are accus'd
Of hauing murder'd one *Berachio*, that
Was seruant to my Lord *D'amville*. How can
You cleare your selfe? guiltie? or not guiltie?

Charl. Guilty of killing him; but not of murder.
My Lords; I haue no purpose to desire
Remission for my selfe. —— D'amville *descends to* Charl.

D'am. Vnciuill Boy! Thou want'st humanitie to smile at griefe. Why doest thou cast a chearefull eye vpon the obiect of my sorrow? my dead Sonnes?

1. *Iudg.* O good my Lord! Let Charitie forbeare
To vexe the spirit of a dying Man.
A chearefull eye vpon the face of Death;
Is the true count'nance of a noble minde.
For honour's sake (my Lord) molest it not.

D'am. Y'are all vnciuill. O! is't not enough that hee vniustly hath conspir'd with Fate, to cut off my posteritie for him to be the heire to my possessions; but he must pursue me with his presence; and in the ostentation of his ioy, laugh in my face, and glory in my griefe?

Charl. D'amville! to shew thee with what light respect,
I value Death and thy insulting pride;
Thus like a warlike Nauie on the Sea,
Bound for the conquest of some wealthie land,
Pass'd through the stormie troubles of this life,
And now arriu'd vpon the armed coast;
In expectation of the victorie,
Whose honour lies beyond this exigent;
Through mortall danger with an actiue spirit,

Thus I aspire to vndergoe my death.

Leapes vp the Scaffold.

Castabella *leapes after him.*

Casta. And thus I second thy braue enterprise.
Be chearefull *Charlemont.* Our liues cut off,
In our young prime of yeares; are like greene hearbs,
Wherewith we strow the hearses of our friends.
For as their vertue gather'd when th'are greene,
Before they wither or corrupt, is best;
So we in vertue are the best for Death,
While yet we haue not liu'd to such an age,
That the encreasing canker of our sinnes,
Hath spread too farre vpon vs. ——

D'am. A Boone, my Lords. I begge a Boone.

1. *Iud.* What's that my Lord?

D'am. His body when t'is dead for an Anatomie.

2. *Iud* For what my Lord?

D'am. Your vnderstanding still come short o'mine.
I would finde out by his Anatomie;
What thing there is in Nature more exact,
Then in the constitution of my selfe.
Me thinks, my parts, and my dimentions, are
As many, as large, as well compos'd as his;
And yet in me the resolution wants,
To die with that assurance as he does.
The cause of that, in his Anatomie
I would finde out. ——

1. *Iud.* Be patient and you shall.

D'am. I haue bethought me of a better way —— Nephew; we must conferre. —— Sir; I am growne a wondrous Studient now o'late. My wit has reach'd beyond the scope of Nature; yet for all my learning I am still to seeke, from whence the peace of conscience should proceede.

Charl. The peace of conscience rises in it selfe.

D'am. Whether it be thy Art or Nature, I admire thee

Char-

Charlemont. Why; thou hast taught a woman to be valiant. I will begge thy life. —— My Lords! I begge my Nephewes life. —— I'le make thee my Philitian. Thou shalt read Philosophie to me. I will finde out th'efficient cause of a contented minde. But if I cannot profit in't; then t'is no more being my Philitian, but infuse a little poyson in a potion when thou giu'st me Phisick; vnawares to me. So I shall steale into my graue without the vnderstanding or the feare of death. And that's the end I aime at. For the thought of death is a most fearefull torment; is't not?

2. *Iudg.* Your Lordship interrupts the course of law.

1. *Iudg.* Prepare to die.

Charl. My resolution's made.
But ere I die; before this honour'd bench;
With the free voice of a departing soule,
I heere protest this Gentlewoman cleare,
Of all offence the law condemnes her for.

Castab. I haue accus'd my selfe. The law wants power
To cleare me. My deare *Charlemont*; with thee
I will partake of all thy punishments.

Charl. Vncle; for all the wealthie benefits;
My death aduances you, graunt me but this.
Your mediation for the guiltlesse life
Of *Castabella*; whom your conscience knowes
As iustly cleare as harmelesse innocence.

D'am. Freely. My Mediation for her life; and all my int'rest in the world to boote, let her but in exchange possesse me of the resolution that she dies withall. —— The price of things is best knowne in their want. Had I her courage; so I value it, the Indies should not buy't out o'my hands.

Charl. Giue me a glasse of water.

D'am. Mee, of wine. ——
This argument of death congeales my bloud.
Colde feare with apprehension of thy end,
Hath frozen vp the riuers of my veines. —— *A glasse of wine.*
I must drinke vvine to vvarme mee, and dissolue the obstruction, or an apoplexie will possesse mee. —— Why

thou vncharitable Knaue; Do'ſt bring mee bloud to drinke? The very glaſſe lookes pale and trembles at it.

Seru. T'is your hand my Lord.

D'am. Canſt blame mee to be fearefull; bearing ſtill the preſence of a murderer about me?

Charl. Is this water?

Seruu. Water Sir. —— *A glaſſe of water.*

Charl. Come thou cleare embleme of coole temperance.
Be thou my witneſſe, that I vſe no art
To force my courage; nor haue neede of helpes,
To raiſe my Spirits like thoſe weaker men;
Who mixe their bloud with wine, and out of that
Adulterate coniunction doe beget
A baſtard valour. Natiue courage, thankes.
Thou lead'ſt me ſoberly to vndertake
This great hard worke of magnanimitie.

D'am. Braue *Charlemont!* at the reflexion of thy courage my cold fearefull bloud takes fire, and I begin to emulate thy death. —— Is that thy executioner? My Lords; you wrong the honour of ſo high a bloud, to let him ſuffer by ſo baſe a hand.

Iudges. He ſuffers by the forme of law my Lord.

D'am. I will reforme it. Downe you ſhagge-hair'd Curre. The inſtrument that ſtrikes my Nephew's bloud, ſhall be as noble as his bloud. I'le be thy executioner my ſelfe.

1 *Iud.* Reſtraine his fury. Good my Lord forbeare.

D'am. I'le butcher out the paſſage of his ſoule,
That dares attempt to interrupt the blow.

2. *Iud.* My Lord; the office will impreſſe a marke
Of ſcandall and diſhonour on your name.

Charl. The office fits him; hinder not his hand.
But let him crowne my reſolution, with
An vnexampled dignitie of death.
Strike home. Thus I ſubmit me. —— *Ready for execution.*

Caſta. So doe I.
In ſcorne of Death thus hand in hand we die.

D'am. I ha' the trick on't Nephew. You ſhall ſee how eas'ly

I can put you out of paine. —— Ooh.

As he raises vp the Axe, strikes out his owne braines. Staggers off the Scaffold.

Execu. In lifting vp the Axe
I thinke has knock'd his braines out. ——

D'am. What murderer was hee that lifted vp my hand against my head?

Iudge. None but your selfe my Lord.

D'am. I thought he was a murderer that did it.

Iudge. God forbid.

D'am. Forbid? You lie Iudge. He commanded it. To tell thee that mans wisedome is a foole. I came to thee for Iudgement; and thou think'st thy selfe a wise man. I outreach'd thy wit; and made thy Iustice Murders instrument, in *Castabella's* death and *Charlemonts*. To crowne my Murder of *Montferrers* with a safe possession of his wealthie state. ——

Charl. I claime the iust aduantage of his words.

Iudge. Descend the Scaffold and attend the rest.

D'am. There was the strength of naturall vnderstanding. But Nature is a foole. There is a power aboue her that hath ouerthrowne the pride of all my proiects and posteritie; (for whose suruiuing bloud, I had erected a proud monument) and strucke 'em dead before me. For whose deathes, I call'd to thee for Iudgement. Thou didst want discretion for the sentence. But yond' power that strucke me, knew the Iudgement I deseru'd; and gaue it. —— O! the lust of Death commits a Rape vpon me as I would ha'done on *Castabella*. ——

—— *Dies.*

Iudge. Strange is his death and iudgement. With the hands
Of Ioy and Iustice I thus set you free.
The power of that eternall prouidence,
Which ouerthrew his proiects in their pride;
Hath made your griefes the instruments to raise
Your blessings to a greater height then euer.

Charl. Onely to Heau'n I attribute the worke.
Whose gracious motiues made me still forbeare
To be mine owne Reuenger. Now I see,

That, *Patience is the honest mans reuenge.*

Indge. In stead of *Charlemont* that but e'en now
Stood readie to be dispossess'd of all;
I now salute you with more titles, both
Of wealth and dignitie then you were borne too.
And you (sweet Madame) Lady of *Belforest*
You haue that title by your Fathers death.

Casta. With all the titles due to me; encrease
The wealth and honour of my *Charlemont*.
Lord of *Monferrers*; Lord *D'amuille*; *Belforest*.
And for a cloze to make vp all the rest; —— *Embrace*
The Lord of *Castabella*. Now at last
Enioy the full possession of my loue;
As cleare and pure as my first chastitie.

Charl. The crowne of all my blessings! —— I will tempt
My Starres no longer; nor protract my time
Of marriage. When those Nuptiall rites are done;
I will performe my kinsmens funeralles.

Indg. The Drums and Trumpets! Interchange the sounds
Of Death and Triumph; for these honour'd liues,
Succeeding their deserued Tragedies.

Charl. Thus by the worke of Heau'n; the men that thought
To follow our dead bodies without teares;
Are dead themselues, and now we follow theirs.

—— *Exeunt.*

FINIS.